Linda

By Eleanor P. Wasserman

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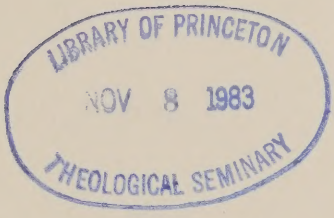

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LINDA

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ELEANOR B. WASSERMAN

Baltimore, Maryland 1958

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LINDA

By

Eleanor B. Wasserman

Easter

April 6, 1958

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This is a true story.

There are proofs of its authenticity; the picture from the vault of the church, the minister's acceptance and encouragement, the "coincidental" criss-crossing of persons, incidents and periods of time, and a decided and contemplative conviction by many that the "Finger of God" moved the pattern of all the events that took place from early in 1951 to this spring of 1958.

Eleanor B. Wasserman

April, 1958

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HOW THE STORY CAME ABOUT AND WHY

For many months after the death of my little girl, in November of 1950, when the miraculous vision and the church records coincided, I told the story to many people. They all wanted to listen.

But, after awhile, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, I grew exhausted. I began to leave things out.

I still felt, however, the tremendous impulse to tell it. I was impelled to tell it, for I could not hold it within me. I wanted to help others believe as I had been shown how to believe, particularly parents.

When I was granted, quite suddenly, a voice scholarship at the Music Academy of the West, in Santa Barbara, California, with the great artists John Charles Thomas, and Madame Lotte Lehmann, in the summer of 1951, I rode out on the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fé and returned by the Northwest Passage on the Milwaukee Road, the train company kindly rerouting my ticket.

In Seattle, Washington, I had a sister, Celeste, whose husband is Dr. Morton E. Bassan. He arranged that I tell the story into a dictaphone and he had his secretary type it. He tested me for extra-sensory perception, at the same time. He is interested in ESP, as many people are today. Nothing significant was found.

Thus the twenty-two pages, the nucleus of a book, suddenly were there in my hands.

From this, all the writing has stemmed and has grown into three separate books, the first one completed being "LINDA".

Eleanor B. Wasserman

Preface

When the author first came to me some time after the death of her daughter, I knew her to be struggling with a grief too great to bear without some effort on her part to justify the bitter pain of bereavement - to find some working answer to the enigma of human existence. Her quest led her over a curious path but through the same valley of decision and faith countless others have encountered and will encounter. It is to help the latter that she was led to write her book.

Some may have some difficulty in accepting the author's interpretation of the events after her daughter's death. I do myself, although I was to some extent involved in them. I still remember my astonishment when she produced the crayon sketch of the Church seen in her dream. It was the pre-restoration Church of which I was then Rector and which she could never have seen. Whatever the valuation placed on this incident, it was the turning point in her life, but it does not in any way affect the validity of the Christian position she reached through her Judeo – Christian background.

Some will find their chief interest of the book in the thorough knowledge of Old Testament religion revealed by the author, and how she found its fullfillment, and hers, in the Christian Church. Others will be moved by the personal experience of the author and, perhaps, find hope in their own situation. At least they will feel that a deep experience shared by them has been put into simple and expressive words, and be glad.

James S. Cox
Dean of St. Andrew's Cathedral
Honolulu, Hawaii

TO THE GLORY OF GOD

LINDA

PART I

LET LINDA TELL IT

PART I

LET LINDA TELL IT

My name is Linda. I was born on March 2, 1942. My mother's name is Eleanor, and my father's name is Earl.

The place where I was born was Urbana, Illinois. It was in a hospital. The doctors said I was the best baby they ever had in the nursery. I never cried. I weighed eight pounds and four ounces. I was born at 1:40 P. M. at the Carle Memorial Hospital. Dr. Bodine was Mommy's doctor, Dr. Gillespie mine. I was fat and red and they thought I was very healthy. But I had a little red birthmark on my left shoulder.

Ford Doolittle was in the crib next to me. He cried all the time. He was long and large-boned. He left the hospital before I did because he was born in February. His Mommy and mine both got beautiful birth certificates of us with a picture of the hospital on the front and on the back a poem about angels and a picture of one. The G. C. Willis Co. Store gave it as a present.

Ford's Mommy, Mary, and my Mommy were good friends. Ford and I always knew each other. When I was eighteen months old, we moved next door to Ford, to the "little white house" at 113 W. Pennsylvania Avenue. It was in September, in 1943.

Before that, we lived in the house I went to when I left the nursery. It was rented. It was on South State Street in Champaign, the twin city to Urbana. We lived at 715 South State Street until September 1943. We had a tremendous garden there because the lot was over 200 feet. It went 'way, 'way back to a road. There were eleven cherry trees. We grew lots of vegetables. Mommy put the fruit and vegetables up in jars.

The most beautiful cherry tree was in the middle of the lot in back of the house next to a grape arbor the landlord built. There were red cherries on the tree.

The other cherry trees were Royal Anne. They were yellow. All of the cherries were delicious. There was one apple tree. It had two kinds but only two apples on it. It was grafted. We ate the yellow one. A horse came through and ate the red one.

We had peas and tomatoes and lettuce and carrots and string beans and okra and corn and soyabeans and all kinds of things from the garden. We had angel food cake a lot because Mommy gave me the yolks of eggs and used the whites for the cakes.

Eleanor, the girl next door, was old enough to stay with me sometimes. There were the Hyde girls, too. One said I looked like Shirley Temple. She liked me and she was very jolly. She stayed with me lots of times. Her name was Margaret.

Another neighbor, Miss Lawson, said I would be a preacher

because I always stood on the screened-in front porch talking and pointing up to the sky with my index finger.

My finger curved under very far when I wanted it to. Mommy's did too, but nobody else seemed to be able to do this. Just Mommy and me. We liked to show people how we made our finger look like a half-moon. I had one special toe I called "Putzer". I talked to Putzer all the time.

The landlord wanted to move into his home after a while. We had to find another house. The only house we could afford, because houses cost so much money, was the house next door to Ford, 113. He lived at 115 W. Pennsylvania Avenue with his mother, Mary, his father, Warren, and his sister, Cathy, and a beagle dog. Mommy met Mary and Warren when they first came from Florida to Urbana because our mothers belonged to the Artists' Studio Group above the Busey Bank.

It was a funny coincidence. Ford and I were next to each other in our bassinets in the nursery in the hospital, and then we lived next to each other in Urbana.

When we lived in Champaign, the city next door to Urbana, I sucked my left thumb all the time, because there weren't any friends there like Ford. I was lonely.

Mommy went to see Mary one day to have a visit when I was twelve months and two weeks old. They talked about Ford and me, and said we might walk before long.

I was home with Daddy. He put me in a corner, and took everything away from me. Then I had to walk. I screamed. But then I knew I could walk and run without falling and I ran to the door to meet Mommy when she came home. Her eyes nearly popped out when she saw me running to the door. She was so proud. So was I. She called Mary on the telephone to tell her about it.

Not very long after that, my friend Ford got to be my very best friend. We lived next door, so we played together all the time. We had games nobody else knew about.

We had all kinds of games with our "imaginations". Nobody else ever could even dream up such games except Ford and me. We liked to play together more than with anybody else. I never played with anybody else like Ford.

There were many other children on the block and I liked to play with the very little ones sometimes. There was one little girl, Elizabeth Ann, especially. She let me decide when she had quarrels with the other children.

Her mother said Elizabeth Ann "sensed" I was fair and just. That was very nice of her. Later on I decided who was right when all the little children had quarrels and they listened, too. I loved them very much.

When we moved to the street in Urbana, I could walk and run and I could talk in long sentences. Mommy went around smiling because I was only eighteen months old and I was able to

speak "perfect grammatical sentences, involved and complex". I didn't know what that meant, but I was glad that I could talk clearly. Everyone understood what I meant.

Cammy lived on this street. She was my girl friend. There was Denny and Elizabeth Ann and lots of other little children. We all played outside most all the time. I had a gym set with swings and bars that the little girl who lived in my little white house had before I moved there.

We all had different collections. I had coins and dolls and stamps and fuzz--lots of fuzz--green fuzz, blue fuzz, tan fuzz, pink fuzz--to tickle my nose with and to hold onto to make me feel warm.

We had lots of parties on this street, where we lived in the little white house. One party was a sugar-plum tree party. I asked Mommy one day where the sugar-plum tree was.

She invited all the children to come to find out and there was a tree with a gingham dog that Mrs. Dougherty, the landlady in Champaign, gave me when I was very little. There was a calico cat, and all the sweets the poem tells about. Here is the poem:

"Have you ever heard of the sugar-plum tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown;
It blooms on the shore of the Lollypop Sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(as those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
of the fruit to be happy next day.

But in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so."

It was by Eugene Field and all the children dreamed about the tree after the party.

All the children on the street came to the party. There were Cammy Kearns and Marianne and Denny and Ford and Elizabeth Ann and all the others.

Donna Lee Strong wasn't there. She was my best girl friend until she moved away. I had lots of fun with Donna. I cried very much when she left. She went to live near Chicago. We loved each other.

Her mother, Arlene, was with us a lot. She liked athletics. She helped Donna and me with lots of games.

We had mothers with "motherality" on our street. Cammy's mother, Denny's mother, Ford's mother, all the mothers had "motherality". They all looked out for all the children. Nearby

Gail lived. She was a little older, but we liked to have her with us whenever she came.

We had a Hallowe'en party. All the children came to listen to records. It was "The Sorcerer's Apprentice". We heard the broom in the music and we heard all the sounds of the story as Mommy told it.

We all had costumes on. I was little Red Riding Hood. Ford was an animal with a long tail. We all sat around in a circle and listened. Nobody made any noise. We paid attention. Then we ate ice cream and candy and cake and then all my friends went home.

Ford and I were always running in and out. We were always adding to our treasures.

We collected silver foil from anything we could find. We rolled this into balls.

I had all Mommy's old jewelry and old pocketbooks in my collections. Ford liked to draw. So did I. So we had lots and lots of boxes of crayons and pencils and chalk.

I collected combs, too, for my dolls and for my friends and me. I had charms from everywhere, especially from bubble gum machines. One charm is a ship. Ford gave it to me.

A lot of charms were presents to me. One charm bracelet had scissors that opened and closed, a ground roller, a diary that opened.

When I had to stay in, if the weather was bad or if I had a cold, I could see out my corner bedroom windows. It was on the first floor. One window looked at Ford's house. One window looked at my little ash tree with red berries and lace leaves. I liked to look at the white snow, and the rain, or we made cookies. Aunt Celeste sent cookie cutters and a pastry tube to make fancy cookies. She knew Mommy and I were always making cookies in the green kitchen.

Mommy and I had one mother-and-daughter set. It was a pinafore, one for me, one for her, with ruffles. We always put them on.

Then we made the dough. We rolled the dough. I had my own toy utensils. I loved to roll the dough that Mommy gave me. I put all kinds of fancy things on top. We had colored sugar to sprinkle on, and silver balls to put on top and chocolate jimmies.

And while I rolled the dough, I always chewed bubble gum. When I wasn't chewing bubble gum, I was chewing on a balloon that I blew up every once in a while. I loved balloons and chewing gum. I liked Dentyne, and I also like using pretty toothpicks to play with.

One day I was outside. I saw Mommy standing at the door, laughing and laughing. I was skipping and while I skipped, my hat was falling back on my head and a balloon was hanging from my mouth. She thought it was funny. She was always

watching me and I liked for her to.

Every once in a while I blew up the balloon and plucked on it with my fingers.

Ford and I had a pretty good balloon collection but none of them lasted long.

When Ford and I got older, we added to our collections. We had stones and rocks and rubber bands and paper clips. Ford had lots of fishing poles. We found sticks he thought would make good fishing poles. We played with all kinds of objects in our sand piles. Ford always talked about Christopher Robin who was his friend.

I played in my sandpile in the driveway on the front lawn where it was first and I loved it so much that one day Mommy came home and I didn't even see her. She stood there watching me a long time, she said. I was wearing a dress she made for me out of a tan and green polka dot dress she wore before I was born. She made me a hat to match that tied under my chin.

I had a grey coat Mommy made out of a grey tweed shirt she had before I was born and it was trimmed with blue velvet from her wedding dress.

My grandmommy and granddaddy sent me clothes and so did my aunts, but Mommy liked the clothes she made for me. They reminded her of when she didn't have me and then she could think how happy she was to have me. That's what she said.

Mommy and I took walks every day and we talked about God. When I was two years old my Daddy went in the Navy to be on a ship as an officer; 1944.

We made cookies for him every week and we sent them to the ship. We were in our little green kitchen so many times, and one day I told Mommy all about God.

I knew all about God because He is my Father and He always takes care of me and of Mommy, too. But I wanted her to know how God really lived far away and knew more than anybody here will ever know. He is the only one who really knows everything. Nobody else can know as much as God. He knows the end of everything in the very beginning. He made the world.

I pointed up to the sky. I told Mommy how great, how wonderful God is. I told her how much we have to love Him because He gives us everything.

I was glad I could talk in long sentences because Mommy understood me. She sat down on the kitchen chair at the curved green corner table and she was very quiet.

When I went out to play, whe was still sitting there. When I came back she was still there. She looked very serious. She looked at me with a strange look. Then she picked me up and loved me and kissed me and hugged me. She couldn't tell me right away. Then she said, "God sent you to me, my baby, and He is letting you teach me".

We always knew what we thought after that. We knew we must always think about God first.

Mommy started to read and to study because she wanted to know more and more. I wanted her to tell me everything she learned.

We had long conversations that were very serious. But then we had laughing games too, and we were very, very happy. We had such good times in the kitchen together, cracking nuts and eating them and rolling them for the cookies.

We played most of the time but we read, too. We both had lots of books. Mommy started reading to me when I was six months old. I loved looking at the pictures. I learned to turn pages. Daddy read to me, too.

I had Book House for Children, and the Books of Knowledge. Ford had the Knowledge books. They were his greatest books, he said.

Mommy bought the Knowledge Books for me when Daddy was away. She wanted me to have My Book House and the Book of Knowledge. Then I had all the beautiful literature and all the facts, too. The Heritage Club Books for Juniors were special presents. There was Little Women, and Huckleberry Finn, and The Wind in the Willows and they were all protected by boxes we kept them in. I took very, very good care of all my books. For a while I liked my beautiful Babar the Elephant books best. Raggedy Ann stories were my favorites, too. And the little golden books and the Giant Golden Books, and Pinocchio and Walt Disney's stories.

I had a special pin that said "Member of the Junior Heritage Club". I was a charter member in the club, it said.

Ford and I loved books as much as we loved our games. They were our best friends. We compared all our books.

We played with clay and with candle drippings. We could make lots of things from soft wax and the candles were different beautiful colors. We could make lots of little things, because our fingers were little. We molded the wax and the clay into all kinds of shapes.

Ford's sand in his sandbox was brown and we could mix it with the special pure white sand Mommy bought for my sandbox. His was heavy. Mine was fine.

I got lots of presents. Mommy's Uncle Morris came to see us from St. Louis where he used to live before he retired to Florida, and he gave me a beautiful pink and white fawn.

Granddaddy gave me a scooter and a music box and a doll carriage when I lived in Urbana. I rode my scooter in my yellow pinafore all the time on the block. We had a sloping pavement in one place in front of our house and I always had to follow the dip. I loved my scooter Granddaddy gave me. He knew what I liked.

The music box played a beautiful tune. It was blue and

children moved up and down in front in a little glass case while it played.

My dolls were able to sleep in the beautiful carriage. It was brown and it was not metal at all because it was wartime.

Ford liked bottle-tops for a collection, too. But I didn't. So I gave him all I could find. We stopped collecting them after a while.

We both liked our trading cards. All the kids liked to trade cards. It was one of our mostest fun. We liked "Old Maids" card game and Tinker toys. I had a Hoot-nanny game to make designs with from Knowlton & Bennett, a store in Urbana.

My doll-house furniture collection grew and grew. Grandmommy sent the doll-house. It was white, like 113. Daddy put that number on the door of it. Aunt Dorothy sent the wonderful sink and refrigerator and stove for the kitchen.

I had a jeep that Ford loved. It was a real model of a real jeep. I was very proud of owning it, for Daddy rode on a jeep when he was away.

I had a tool kit with all the tools - child-size screw driver and pliers and everything else.

I had a peg set that I used to concentrate on a lot of the time making letters.

We went to California to see my Daddy when his ship was stationed at Long Beach. I was almost three years old. It was January in 1945. I took along my soft rose colored rabbit that I loved. He wore overalls and had nice cuddly velvet skin.

It was a long trip and I walked up and down the train almost the whole time. Mommy sat and talked to people. She still didn't feel very well from the fall she had on the ice in December.

But we were both so happy to see my Daddy. I wore my red sailor hat and my blue and white sailor blouse and skirt and my white gloves and I carried my little red patent leather pocketbook.

I ran all over the ship and Daddy played with me and made more funny drawings for me. He always made them to be like a dictionary, to explain things in a funny way like a comic book. He carried me "Piggy-Back", too.

One of the other officers was our friend, Ralph Sorvig. He was very good to us. One of the crew had a pin made for me out of a piece of metal. It was my name, "Linda".

We were there for a few days and we went to the beach. It was my first time at the ocean. In Urbana we didn't have any water near us.

It was foggy and damp but I took off my shoes and socks and walked in the wet sand.

I saw a seagull. I said, "There's the dove with the olive branch!" Mommy and Daddy read the story of Noah to me

lots of times and I always stopped them to talk about the dove.

They told me it was not a dove, but a seagull with seaweed in its mouth.

We visited the stores near the beach. I rode on a merry-go-round and Mommy and Daddy watched me.

Then I wanted to go home to see Donna, my little friend. I was lonely for my white house.

We met all the officers and the men. Daddy explained how his job as communications officer was a very busy one. We had dinner on board the ship.

When we left him, I looked back from the train to see orange groves. I asked Mommy about the trees with all the oranges. I learned how they grew. I loved to eat oranges, and there they were growing on the trees.

I picked up some pretty shells while I was on the beach, so all the way back I played with the sea shells.

Daddy sent me more shells from the Islands when he went to Okinawa and he sent a Japanese war doll who looked real, with a sword and a frightful helmet; a Samurai warrior.

I got soap wrappers at the hotel where we stayed. So I had another collection. I had flags, too. There were little paper flags from all the different countries. I pasted them on cardboard sticks. I had coins from different lands too.

Daddy sent them from all over the Pacific.

When I got back, Ford and I talked about the trip. We talked about Peter Rabbit all the time, too. He was a real person to us. We made snow men whenever it snowed. We played in the snow all day. We rolled in it and ate it when it first fell. It was very clean and white.

I had a sled. It was wooden, red, white and blue, and USS Linda was painted on it. Daddy's ship was USS Rockingham, APA229. The sled was made like a boat with sides on it so I could never fall off. A friend of Mommy's made it for me out of hardwood.

For a while, I went to a nursery school. But a little boy pulled my hair out and I had colds, so Mommy kept me home. I met friends there who came to play with me - Michael Tepper and Bobby Sink.

I went to another nursery school, a music nursery school, on West Green St. in Champaign, later on. Mrs. Foster and her daughters were in charge of it. They taught me my first piano lessons. I liked them very much.

When Daddy came back from the navy, I played there in a recital.

It was very cold in Champaign-Urbana, but I had lots of warm clothes. I had a leopard muff and hat trimmed in leopard fur that Aunt Lorraine once had when she was a little girl. I had another muff. It was a golden brown fur with a puppy's face

on it at the top, with floppy ears and with brown eyes almost hidden by the fur.

I liked perfume and bubble bath and fancy powder. I had a powder mitt that Mommy always dusted on me after my bath. She always wrapped me in a big white soft cotton cloak with a hood so I wouldn't get chilled.

The knitted wool clothes Daddy's mother made I wore when I was little. They kept me warm and they were beautiful.

When Daddy came back, we both toasted marshmallows and we ate lots of popcorn and peanut butter because he liked these things, too.

We both liked the same things to eat. We liked tomato soup, spaghetti, and corn, and milk, and hamburgers, and tuna salad, and mushrooms, and french fried potatoes, and potato chips, and pancakes, and french toast, and scrambled eggs, and toast and cheese, and apples, and seedless grapes, and crunchy cereal. We liked chocolate pudding better then any other dessert. I helped stir it. I usually had a good appetite. Mommy and I both liked licorice and to eat raisins out of boxes.

I loved picnics. We had lots of them, in the back yard. I had my friends and we sat at my little white table.

Ford and I often went to the park near us in Urbana. It was called Carle Park and we liked to look at the statue of Abraham Lincoln at the entrance on Race Street.

There is a wonderful playground there. We liked the swings and we could run all over the soft grass.

One day we had a picnic there. We packed our wicker basket and took our jug, too. We stayed all day. We had lots of fun.

Ford ran so fast he almost fell over himself lots of times. I laughed and laughed because he was so funny. We looked at the different kinds of trees. They were all sizes and shapes. Some were straight. Some were crooked. We talked about the kinds of trees there.

Ford and I went to the Leal School Kindergarten together, when we were five years old in 1947. We walked to the school. It wasn't far. We liked it very much there. I went to Sunday School at the Jewish Temple in Champaign and I rode on the bus to get there or drove there with friends.

We had a circus at the Leal School. I played the piano for the rocking-horse bareback rider. It was the Leal School Circus. There was a write-up in the paper by Bobby Sink's father who was the editor of the Urbana Courier. Bobby was an animal trainer. His big cat was in a box and was the lion in the circus. Bobby's mommy was my mommy's close friend.

Bobby's father's paper gave us free tickets to a real circus, too. I saw clowns and dancers and all kinds of acts. Daddy took me and the newspaper photographer took our pictures.

The clown was very queer. He made faces. I thought everything was puzzling.

My last party in Urbana was a May Pole Party. Mommy and I made streamers of different colors and we all danced around like little fairies, dressed in our party clothes. There were little presents attached to each streamer. When the dance was over, we pulled down the gift with the streamer.

Everybody got all tangled up in the paper crepe and we all screamed and giggled while Mommy kept on playing the piano for us to dance around to.

Our piano just fitted into the very little dining-room. It was next to the window. With the window open we could hear the music of the piano.

Mr. Linton made the piano out of two old pianos for us. He had a shop in the twin city Champaign. There was an old big rosewood grand piano, and a Henry F. Miller piano from Boston, 100 years old. The piano has a rosewood case made from the grand piano.

The piano cost some money, and Mr. Linton was willing for Mommy to put in old clothes and jewelry and old shoes. Mommy took her confirmation ring and her old watch and her high school ring to put in because we wanted a piano so much.

Mr. Linton had a second-hand shop, and he also made old pianos over for people. He made us a beautiful piano to fit the corner in the alcove. With the front door open and the window open in back of the piano, Mommy could see, while she sat at the piano, the front lawn and the back lawn. She could always see me.

We played and sang all the time at the piano. The staff that holds the music is the most beautiful wood, real rosewood. Mrs. Linton wanted it for a coffee table top but Mr. Linton decided to use it on our piano. Mrs. Linton is very, very kind and she let him do it.

The day of the May Party, the piano was part of the fun. The streamers were so many pretty colors. The crepe-paper could be made into many other things.

I decided to trim a hat for Mommy with the paper. It was a hat I liked on her but it was getting old. The next day I fixed the hat.

She laughed and thanked me when I made a ribbon to go around the hat with a big paper rose at the top. The colors were deep pink and bright yellow and pale green. The ribbon paper was deep pink.

It was Ford who knew what I always meant, though, more than anybody. We always had a new game. We made people out of things and things out of people. We had special names for everything and we liked to find treasures. We could find them anywhere.

Most of all we wanted to find the magic treasure. So we looked everywhere.

We were still looking for it when I went to see Ford and I was almost grown up, when he lived on the island during the summers.

I liked my school, The Leal School, in Urbana very much. The principal, Miss Flossie Wiley, is very good to all the children and the teachers made us very happy. Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Houser were my kindergarten teachers before I left Urbana in 1948.

I didn't want to leave Urbana, because of my friends and my school but in February 1947, Granddaddy had been badly hurt and Daddy was asked to teach there in Baltimore.

So we went. I cried to Mommy one evening, coming home from my music lesson, about my friends, but I found new ones. I loved my new grown-up school, too, the Roland Park Public School, in Baltimore.

That's when I really started to be a grown-up, in Baltimore. We lived in an apartment house near Valerie for a while. Then we moved into one that we lived in for a year, the Chadford. The first one was the Bradford.

Barbara and Pat stayed with me sometimes at the Chadford. They were pretty and very nice to me. Pat taught me some ballet dancing and we sewed together, too.

I went to see Granddaddy and Grandmommy a lot. They were always glad to see me.

My Granddaddy was a doctor, Dr. David Franklin, and he worked very hard, much harder than anybody else. He got up at night to go out in the rain and the cold to help people, and many times in very, very deep snow and ice.

Daddy was in the navy from 1944 in the springtime to March 2, 1946. He flew in an airplane and he didn't like the ride when he came home. He met us in Chicago.

We had been staying with Grandmommy and Granddaddy in Baltimore the last six months Daddy was gone. We closed up our little white house until he came back.

We went back to Baltimore in February 1948. We were there on the night of February 10th. Granddaddy started to remember again what happened to him on February 10th, 1947. He groaned and groaned. We heard him. Mommy said he was re-living the terrible tragedy and the terrible pain. He always had pains in his head after he got hurt. He slept on six pillows, propped up high, and he was hard to awaken when he took his afternoon nap.

After this, Daddy got the job teaching in Baltimore, and so Mommy and I left Urbana forever, the two of us together, in June in 1948.

Daddy came to Baltimore in August. We were at the Chadford then.

Bus #29 took my Daddy and me to the university when we saw "Heidi". We went to the plays at the Johns Hopkins

Children's Educational Theatre together. "Heidi" was on October 22, 1948.

We saw all the stories children love. They spoke their own lines, just naturally, without studying written parts. Mrs. Bowen directed the plays.

"Treasure Island" was another play I saw, by Robert Louis Stevenson. It was on January 15, 1949. I liked it because it was exciting and I remembered Ford and me looking for treasure.

I liked Heidi because her grandfather loved her and wanted to help her. She was a very good little girl and she didn't like to be unkind to anybody. "Heidi" was a story Aunt Celeste sent me with lots of pictures, and Mommy and I read it all the time.

It made me think about my own Granddaddy.

We had quite a distance to go to see my grandparents. They lived in Forest Park and we took two buses and a street car to get to see them. One bus was the #22 bus. It went past Carlin's Park and there was a big glass case with a huge laughing woman with a hat and heavy clothes on. She was artificial. We heard her laughing a block away. It was fun to hear the cheerful laugh. We got off the bus at the end of the line, Liberty Heights Avenue.

Mommy and I rode on the buses a lot. We took the #10 in back of the Chadford on Roland Avenue and we rode all the way down town. We often rode to the Lexington Market. It is the biggest market in Baltimore. It has more stalls then I ever saw before. We bought lots of seafood because we didn't get any in Urbana except when Granddaddy sent it express to us. He sent barrels of oysters and crabmeat and fish from one of his patients in the Seafood business. It was delicious. The Mace Sea Food Company sent it to us.

The #29 bus rode in front of the Chadford to my school. I got on across the street and it left me off at the door. When we moved out to Towson, Mommy paid to keep me in the school because I was happy there. That was the second grade, the second year I was there. She came for me every day, and I waited in front of the school. I always bought a Good Humor or a popsicle from the Good Humor Man for Mommy and for me. The truck was in front of the school every day at three o'clock.

We had a very hard time finding a house when we were at the Chadford. Mommy's friend, Betty Conklin, took her everywhere to find one. She's a real estate agent. That's how we met her. Her little girl, Mary, went with us too. She's a very good and very pretty little girl. Charles is her brother. I liked him very much.

We went everywhere to look at houses. We saw Mr. Blanding's Dream House on Bellona Avenue near Charles Street, the very house in the movie with Cary Grant, who was

Mr. Blanding.

There was a house near my school I wanted. But we didn't get it.

Finally, somebody showed Mommy a house that was beautiful. It was big and it was near a brook with trees hanging over. It was brick and there were big rooms and there were two bathrooms and there was a bird's nest in the basement with baby birds in it. It was all new.

We all wanted that house. We put down the down payment because we sold our little white house in Illinois.

Suddenly the builder went bankrupt. He had built lots of houses and he didn't have enough money. So the house was to be sold at auction by the people he owed money to.

Mommy and Daddy were told it was a big risk to invest in the house because of the dangers in lawsuits.

Later on the house was sold for much more money than we had agreed to buy it for and the brook was all tiled up and sealed over. We drove over to see. I wasn't sorry then about the house.

But Mommy had stayed all summer with me to take care of getting ready to move and she even planted beautiful evergreens, because in the winter they make you feel better when the trees are bare.

Well, she suddenly decided after all this to-do, that we'd take a little vacation into New England, where it was cool. Daddy was teaching in Urbana for the summer school and the climate was very hot there. He didn't want us to come. He had a room in Elizabeth Ann's house while her mother and father and the rest of the family were gone.

I was glad we didn't go, because Mommy took me to see Ford and Judy and Dr. Havens and all the beautiful sights in New England. We had a wonderful ten days' trip.

We even went all the way to Jaffrey, New Hampshire, to see Dr. and Mrs. Bernbaum, who were so very kind to us. They live near a beautiful mountain and we sat on the porch and looked at it. I didn't want to leave there. They are wonderful people and he was Mommy's teacher. We talked about interesting things.

We had to take a bus to get to them when we got off the train. They live in the White Mountains. The early morning air was so cool and fresh. We had a breakfast with Mrs. Bernbaum. She pumped the drinking water out of a pump that was on the sink. It tasted so good. The silverware shone so brightly and so did the sunshine into the dining-room. We had the best toast and jelly and milk and water and everything that I ever ate. It was calm and peaceful there.

We took a train up to New England, and we went to Boston and then to Jaffrey. We went by boat to see Ford. We

were very happy to see each other, again.

On the way a lady was on the train who liked to do needlework. I made a paper design with some paper as I sat in the train. I listened to the lady describe fancy work for pulls to pull down blinds in front of windows and all kinds of things and I started working out a design.

"She works well with her hands", she said to Mommy.

I liked to weave things and to sew and I liked very delicate patterns.

The lady said she would make dainty blind pulls for the window shades for my room when we moved. But we never wrote to her.

It was beautiful in Massachusetts and Rhode Island and New Hampshire. New Bedford was where Judy Bedrick was. Her mother came from Fall River and we met them in Urbana. They were good friends.

I added to my soap wrappers and soap collection a lot. We went to Newport, too, and we saw all the fine boats and all the sailing vessels sail along the ocean. We rode all over Newport and saw the fine old estates.

When we went to Jaffrey, it was a small town. We had a chocolate soda while we waited for Dr. and Mrs. Bernbaum to call for us and then they drove us to their home. The drive was through beautiful countryside.

When we got back, Daddy was at the Chadford. He was tired and he rested. In a few days we bought a new automobile with the money he made teaching in the summer. It was a Nash with beds in it, so I could rest in it.

Then we were able to drive around to look for a house. We had a hard time because houses were "restricted". I never heard of that before. I wondered about lots of things older people decide. They don't seem to be from God.

One day we were driving in our car and we drove down Mt. Royal Avenue near Druid Hill Park. There is a large statue of a man standing with a book in his hand.

"Who is that?", I asked Mommy.

"That's Martin Luther", she said.

"Tell me about him!"

"Well", she said, "under the statue you can see there is written 'A Mighty Fortress is Our God'. It is a magnificent statue, isn't it? It looks so strong, so imposing and awesome.

He was a man who loved God very, very much, so much he was a mountain of strength. Those who have lived their lives working for God are like enduring mountains.

Luther said he had to reform some things, change some things, that had crept into the worship of God. The book he holds is the German Bible for all to read. Before the Bible was written in Latin or Greek and few could read it.

He was very religious. He had his own ideas about God."

"There are many things I can't yet tell you, Lin, dear, about Luther", said my Mommy. "There are many things I don't understand yet myself."

I asked her, "Why are we Jews? Who was Christ? Tell me, Mommy!"

Mommy hesitated again. "Lin, dear, Christ was crucified on the cross and then the Christian Church was founded. We Jews don't believe the way the Christians do, that Jesus is the Christ, the Messiah, the Son of God. We believe He is yet to come. The Christians believe He came as Jesus and will come back again. I wish I knew more to tell you, darling, but I need to learn almost as much as you do."

Mommy tried to satisfy me, and she loved me so much I knew how hard she was trying. But I didn't stop, because I thought about lots of things and I had to find the answer.

"Well, Mommy, I know this much. It's not right for one person to say another is not as good as he is because he isn't the same color or the same religion. God wants everyone to be alike. We are all human beings. There is only one God and we are the same to Him. Colored people are good and so are the people who have a different religion. Those are my own ideas!"

"Linda", Mommy said, "I'm sure they must be God's ideas, too. Remember the poem we read about the Little Black Boy, when I was studying William Blake with Dr. Bernbaum?"

"Yes, the poem was from the "Songs of Innocence", about children, and I remember part of it", I answered her.

"My Mother bore me in the Southern wild,
And I am black, but O! My soul is white.
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.....

And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove."".....

"Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy,
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy

I'll shade him from the heat, 'til he can hear
to learn in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me."

We drove all through Druid Hill Park as soon as we got the car. Grandmommy and Granddaddy always took Mommy and

her sisters there so she knew all about the park.

As we rode around the lake we saw a monument to Wallace, a Scottish martyr, and a statue of Columbus. We stopped to look at it. There is a map in his hand.

Mommy told me how he thought he had discovered India when he had really discovered America, how he landed at San Salvador on October 12, 1492, and didn't know about our continent at all. He thought he was claiming rich India for Spain!

She told me how the centuries since the Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria had travelled the ocean with a band of outlaws, were all leading to the greatest democracy in the world, our United States of America, where all men are created equal, where children can enjoy parks and play without being molested, protected by law and order. They are equal, too, because one is just as the other, and they balance each other:- Law and order.

There are several smaller parks in Baltimore. One is called Patterson Park. One day when we walked in that park an old lady came along. She said, "I don't know what I'd do without this park. Some days I just don't feel well and then I can come over here. I feel so much better then."

They have meetings for the old people when they have recreation. The director told us she makes them forget their troubles and they stop thinking about all their aches and pains.

They dance, they play Hoki-Poki, they sing and they have fun.

"Isn't it wonderful to have places like this to help the older people who don't have much to do?" That's what I said to Mommy. She agreed.

The largest park is Druid Hill Park and the large lake and reservoir in it is called Druid Hill Park Lake. At the end of the lake is an old shot tower. Mommy told me they rolled the cannon balls out of it in the wars.

Young and old people enjoy the park. Boys and girls ride their bicycles around the lake and many adults park their cars there to look at the circling skyline and to enjoy the breeze and relax.

"No other park in Baltimore is so extensively wooded and so beautifully planned as this park", said Mommy.

"Why is it called Druid Hill Park, Mommy?" I liked to know the history of places. I liked to learn about the days of yesteryear, the days of the past.

She couldn't answer the question; so we got a little booklet published by the Board of Park Commissioners on public parks, Number 3, on Druid Hill Park.

"To begin with, the search for a record fixing a definite time when the name Druid Hill first was used to designate the estate, has been unrewarded. Nor can any record be found crediting to any one of its owners through several generations the appropriateness

of thus associating its venerable oaks and their mistletoe with a priesthood which revered the oak as sacred, and professed to see in the mistletoe a symbol of immortality. It is written that the Celts in early Gaul and Britain, whose priests the Druids were, worshipped the Sun, the Wind, the Thunder, the great Forces of Nature, rather than its beauty, yet one who drives through, or luckier, has opportunity and leisure to stroll through Druid Hill Park, when the dogwoods are in blossom or when the autumn leaves are in their glory, well may be pardoned a sensitiveness to God in Nature, quite apart from Revelation, and be something of an aesthetic pantheist, worshipful but unafraid. The name fits well."

The park is in the center of Baltimore City. It is built on rolling hills, extensively wooded. On one side of a high hill the skyline of buildings and church steeples and railroads and industry can be seen; and on the other side, old Woodberry Mills, one of the oldest mills in Maryland.

Mommy and I wandered all through the park. We came to the Bird House of the zoo. We walked in and a big black bird from Java said, "Hello!". I laughed and laughed because Mommy stood there talking to it.

Then when I saw the exotic colors and plumage of the other birds from all over the world, I grew very excited and called to Mommy to come to see every new exhibit. The birds are in panel-decorated glass cases. The bird from Java is called the Talking Mynah. The black and shiny green body of the Greater Mynah is very interesting to see, for the yellow-winged crest of smooth velvet skin folding back like a hat on the head with its orange-yellow beak, is a contrast to its body of black and green.

This bird comes from the South Pacific in the South Seas. The Java Islands are bordered by the Indian Ocean on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other side. We looked it up on the globe.

There is a white fleck on the back wings and the bright big black eyes of the bird shine with real intelligence.

I waited for Mommy at the next window. There the brilliant colors and the flaming scarlet, yellow and blue and green tails of the South American Macaw filled the cage, as their loud screeching "Hello's" filled the room.

Mommy said the bird house and the monkey house are "labyrinths" winding in and out. The building has been redecorated because it is an old building that used to have a stuffed collection of animals and skeletons, years ago.

When Mr. Arthur R. Watson came on March 1, 1948, to be in charge of the zoo, the bird house was begun at the end of 1948 and finished in 1949, when we went there. Later on, the apes and the monkeys were placed in the monkey house joining the bird house.

When we left the outer room with the Mynah and the Macaws, we entered the Hall of Jewels. It is a winding, dim, long hall lit by the colors of the birds and the lamps behind the glass cages.

We looked at the Bleeding Heart Doves of the Philippines.

for a while. They had soft gray plump bodies with a blood-red spot on the middle of their breasts.

Next we saw the weird-looking black and white Pied Hornbill of India, with a huge overhanging beak. There are finches, too, and waxbills, and weavers, and whydahs from Asia, Africa, and Australia. Many of them had the brightest red beaks. They are small and dainty and delicate in color and in their flight. There are beautiful green lovebirds from Africa. One is "masked". It has a red mask covering over all the throat and the front of the head.

The blue magpie from the Himalayas sits perched on a limb with its long curled tail, black and white and gray, swinging, as the gray and black bird sits and listens.

Near the end of the Hall of Jewels is the Apricot Cock-of-the-Rock from South America. We liked its name and its beautiful soft color that glowed deeply in the dim light. Then we left the bird exhibits enclosed in their glass cases.

Mommy said, "The notes of a bird are as gay or as mournful as the most happy or most tragic things in life."

She read somewhere a description of the peculiar notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the Amazon River in Brazil. The Indian guides call it "The Cry of a Lost Soul". This is the story, as Mommy wrote it down:

"An Indian and his wife went out from the village to work their chacra, carrying their infant with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the man in charge of the child, with many cautions to take good care of it. When she arrived at the spring, she found it dried up, and went further to look for another. The husband, alarmed at her long absence, left the child and went in search. When they returned, the child was gone; and to their repeated cries, as they wandered through the woods in search, they could get no response save the wailing cry of this little bird, heard for the first time, whose notes, their anxious and excited imaginations syllabled into pa-pa, ma-ma (the present Quichua name of the bird). The Spaniards heard this story, and with that religious poetic turn of thought which seems peculiar to this people, called the bird 'The Lost Soul'."

In the monkey house, there is a little dainty monkey named "Babs". A little flowered dress is hanging near her window. It's just her size. Many dresses are made for her by her radio friends. She is on television with Mr. Watson on the program called "This is Your Zoo", over WAAM.

I loved to watch Babs. I always watched the program and I could look at her for hours. It was fun every minute.

She has little hops and skips and jumps and she has pouting, dainty manners, and she is dressed in her fancy new outfit every week, with a bonnet and everything.

All the time she eats the bananas that she loves so much and she pokes her delicate monkey fingers into the sawdust to find

food tidbits. She likes lettuce and greens and she picks very carefully every little piece of food. I wanted Mommy to buy me a pet monkey and she said she'd try. Babs gets jealous of the attention Mr. Watson gives some of the other monkeys. "Dr. Tom" is a favorite of all the children, too.

One day Mommy started to talk about a man named Darwin who said we come from monkeys.

She said, "When I look at these monkeys, I know positively that Darwin is wrong in calling them the origin of our species. If we're descended from monkeys, why are there monkeys still, and why haven't they kept on evolving? We'll believe in Adam and Eve, Linda. God put lots of different kinds of animals and humans here, but He made us like Him and He made us perfect first, in the beginning. Then sin changed us. I don't think there ever was a 'Missing Link'."

"What's a 'Missing Link'?", I asked.

"That's a skull of a half-man, half-monkey creature, the scientists say they found. I don't believe there ever was one. They say they found it in Sussex, England, and call it the "Piltdown Man", and they call it an extinct human species, Linda."

I was glad to agree with Mommy, for I think monkeys are cute and I wanted one to make a pet out of, but I wouldn't want to think we ever really were one.

I liked the Reptile House, too. Mommy didn't, but I liked the crocodiles and the huge snakes and the terrapin and all the other crawling things.

The zoo was the best place, though, where the monkeys and the zebra and the elephant perform and you can watch all their motions and the way they look.

One day the hippopotamus wouldn't come up out of the water but he did finally. When he came up, all huge and leathery, and he was snorting, I thought it was very funny. I enjoyed it very much and I laughed a lot. He was quivering all over, he was snorting so much, and he made a lot of noise plunging up out of the water.

I fed Mary Ann or Minnie the elephant, and I watched her perform in a dance at two o'clock. She is called Mary Ann, the second, a big old wonderful elephant. The first Mary Ann came to the zoo in 1922 and she was more popular than all the other animals. She lived there for 20 years, then she fell down while she was asleep and sprained her insides, and she died. She was the first elephant the zoo had. She was a baby when she came, and 2,000 boys and girls who were members of the Jungle Circle group raised $700.00 towards paying for her.

The duck pond is beautiful. We spent lots of time there watching the duck families bathe and walk around and preen themselves. It is shaded by big old trees there and it's always cool.

There are lots of different kinds of birds there. There are all kinds of ducks and heron and geese and they quack and quack and splash around all the time. I loved to watch them swim around and

duck down into the water and then come out and sun themselves and spread their wings. I always stayed a long time there.

Around the pond there is a tall steel wire fence and the fence curves because the stream does. It winds around under the beautiful trees. It's a lovely spot.

The crown herons and the flamingoes were on my list. One day I made a list of the animals and the birds of the zoo. Mommy helped me. I never got tired of hearing their names; the ones we use and the zoo names, too. I learned all I could about them. I liked to describe them. There was no zoo in Urbana and I was very happy to see all the animals and birds I read about.

The flamingoes are rose-pink. There is a lacy fringe on the top of the Crown Heron's head. Both birds have stick-pole legs and they are very colorful. They are a "novelty", because the other members of the bird clan are not as unusual. Maria, who has the beautiful Italian restaurant in Little Italy near the Port of Baltimore, gave the flamingoes.

All the winged creatures scramble quickly to the spot when children push food for them through the fence. They forget how very proudly a minute before they stood and smoothed their feathers and they fight for the food with ruffled feathers. There are some very beautifully feathered peacocks, too, strutting around with greenish bluish colors and tassels on their heads.

We went to all the historical places in Baltimore. One day we went to see the memorial house on Amity Street where Edgar Allen Poe lived, here in Baltimore. We climbed up narrow circular stairs to the second story and in a very small room there was a big bed with big feather pillows. The home is on a narrow street in a colored neighborhood and a little colored girl with long wiry pigtails and big red bows said, "Gollee, did dat man sleep in dat bed? I'd sure like to sleep in dat myself", and she started thumping the bed before the guide could stop her. It was very amusing. I smiled and laughed to myself.

Down the street not far from there is the graveyard where the great writer is buried, the Westminster Presbyterian, and also at Fayette and Greene Streets is the Edgar Allen Poe School, named in his memory. I was eager to see where Mommy taught at this school after graduating from college, and I had to hear about it all. I was very interested. Mommy told me about the class- "children" from fifteen to fifty. She taught night school there, high school English, and many students were employed people. How proud I was of that! Everything Mommy ever did I wanted to know all about and I never tired of listening. Another great writer is buried in the Episcopal Church cemetery on Greenmount Avenue. Her name is Lizette Woodworth Reese.

We sat in Mt. Vernon Square and looked at the people and the pigeons. There are green benches there. And we looked at the George Washington Monument which is in Mt. Vernon Square with heavy blocks of uneven large paving stones all around it. We

went to the Pratt Libraries and the Flag House and the old Shot Tower near the Peale Museum, that is all the way downtown in old Baltimore. We went to the Peabody Library and saw many interesting exhibits. Mommy did most of her studying there when she went to John Hopkins to college for her teacher's degree. There are fine study desks in back and it's very quiet there.

We went to hear concerts in the Peabody Concert Hall and we heard the Baltimore Symphony at the Lyric. I remember the Vienna Boys Choir singing beautiful Christmas music. I liked to hear choirs sing and I liked to listen to Mommy sing, too.

I liked to study all about the cities in America and all about the colonies, too. Our trips to Washington and to Annapolis taught me a lot about our history.

We took a trip to Washington one day so I could see the buildings of the capitol. I saw George Washington's signature and I copied it, when I got home, because I remembered it.

We went to Thomas Jefferson's memorial. Just think, he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

When we walked up all the steps leading to the building I thought how great a man he was and how much he did for our country. I was very quiet, thinking about it. I looked at the beautiful dome and the white marble and I was very serious because he was one of the fathers of our country. When we got up there, inside we read the writing on the marble walls.

Mommy said, "These walls are warm with the love of humanity and sacrifice for ideals, Linda."

She read the words aloud: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." She explained what it means. No one should try to be a tyrant over anybody else, but love God and try to do good for Him, and love our fellow-man and help him.

Then she kept on reading:

> WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF-EVIDENT: THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL, THAT THEY ARE ENDOWED BY THEIR CREATOR WITH CERTAIN INALIENABLE RIGHTS. AMONG THESE ARE LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. THAT TO SECURE THESE RIGHTS GOVERNMENTS ARE INSTITUTED AMONG MEN. WE SOLEMNLY PUBLISH AND DECLARE THAT THESE COLONIES ARE AND OF RIGHT OUGHT TO BE FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES .....AND FOR THE SUPPORT OF THIS DECLARATION. WITH A FIRM RELIANCE ON THE PROTECTION OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE, WE MUTUALLY PLEDGE OUR LIVES, OUR FORTUNES AND OUR SACRED HONOR.

ALMIGHTY GOD HATH CREATED THE MIND FREE. ALL ATTEMPTS TO INFLUENCE IT BY TEMPORAL PUNISHMENTS OR BURDENS ARE A DEPARTURE FROM THE PLAN OF THE HOLY AUTHOR OF OUR RELIGION..... NO MAN SHALL BE COMPELLED TO FREQUENT OR SUPPORT ANY RELIGIOUS WORSHIP OR MINISTRY OR SHALL OTHERWISE SUFFER ON ACCOUNT OF HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OR BELIEF. BUT ALL MEN SHALL BE FREE TO PROFESS AND BY ARGUMENT TO MAINTAIN THEIR OPINIONS IN MATTERS OF RELIGION. I KNOW BUT ONE CODE OF MORALITY FOR MEN WHETHER ACTING SINGLY OR COLLECTIVELY.

GOD WHO GAVE US LIFE GIVE US LIBERTY. CAN THE LIBERTIES OF A NATION BE SECURE WHEN WE HAVE REMOVED A CONVICTION THAT THESE LIBERTIES ARE THE GIFT OF GOD? INDEED I TREMBLE FOR MY COUNTRY WHEN I REFLECT THAT GOD IS JUST, THAT HIS JUSTICE CANNOT SLEEP FOREVER. COMMERCE BETWEEN MASTER AND SLAVE IS DESPOTISM. NOTHING IS MORE CERTAINLY WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF FATE THAN THAT THESE PEOPLE ARE TO BE FREE. ESTABLISH THE LAW FOR EDUCATING THE COMMON PEOPLE. THIS IT IS THE BUSINESS OF THE STATE TO EFFECT AND ON A GENERAL PLAN.

I AM NOT AN ADVOCATE FOR FREQUENT CHANGES IN LAWS AND CONSTITUTIONS. BUT LAWS AND INSTITUTIONS MUST GO HAND IN HAND WITH THE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN MIND, AS THAT BECOMES MORE DEVELOPED, MORE ENLIGHTENED, AS NEW DISCOVERIES ARE MADE, NEW TRUTHS DISCOVERED AND MANNERS AND OPINIONS CHANGE. WITH THE CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES, INSTITUTIONS MUST ADVANCE ALSO TO KEEP PACE WITH THE TIMES. WE MIGHT AS WELL REQUIRE A MAN TO WEAR STILL THE COAT WHICH FITTED HIM WHEN A BOY AS CIVILIZED SOCIETY TO REMAIN EVER UNDER THE REGIMEN OF THEIR BARBAROUS ANCESTORS.

Then we walked into the outer halls and I saw some beautiful pictures of Thomas Jefferson's home, Monticello, in Charlottesville, Virginia, in a Vumaster slide machine. I just had to have it because there are all kinds of pictures you can look at in it. I wanted it so very, very much.

I opened up my little green money purse and I took out the money to buy it. Mommy bought the slides for me. After that we looked often at the Jefferson Memorial and other Vumaster picture stories.

I had a nice little collection of slides after a while. It is a wonderful education for children. They look so real, the pictures do, and the machine is small and easy to use.

Mommy stopped one day at a seafood stand on the road to Annapolis. It is not far from Granddaddy's office in South Baltimore.

Sometimes we could ride as far as the Baltimore & Ohio Camden Station on Bus #22. That was near 122 West Lee Street where Granddaddy had his office. The #10 trackless trolley went all the way downtown, too.

One day not long ago Mommy drove there, again, to the seafood stand. Mommy saw a man come out in the cold.

She thought he was one of the owners. She spoke very gaily to him and asked him how he was.

I guess he was surprised, for he had just finished eating six Ocean Cove oysters and he was a customer like Mommy.

But he liked her being friendly like that and he said, "I always stop here when I come from Virginia. They have the best oysters."

Mommy didn't say anything about thinking he was going to wait on her and she said, when he asked her how she fixed the jumbo shrimp she bought, "Oh, I split them down the back after I take off the shell and fry them in butter.

He said, "Don't you like to cook them in egg and cracker meal?" Mommy said, "Sometimes." She thought he was a very kind man and she said, "Do you always buy seafood here?"

He said, "I'm a captain with the National Bulk, a federal line, and I like to buy the shrimp here. We get oysters that are just as good in Virginia."

"What part of Virginia?", asked Mommy. "I don't know much about Virginia, but my grandfather settled a colony there somewhere, when he came from Europe."

"Oh, I'm one of the early settler's families. I own a royal grant of land in Gloucester County", he said. "I'm related to George Washington and to the Queen of England."

Mommy perked up her ears and said, "Oh, that's very, very interesting. Will you tell me all about it?"

"I will be very happy to", he said.

"My name is Captain Deal. I am descended from John

Robins who came in 1642 to Gloucester, Virginia, first cousin to Augustine Warner. Margaret Smith was related to Augustine Warner's family. Margaret Smith married the 13th Earl of Strathaven in Scotland and the family name was Bowes-Lyon and that is Queen Elizabeth's family.

Augustine Warner was the great grandfather of George Washington. Margaret Smith was the daughter of John Smith of Purton in Gloucester County, which first became a county in 1650. It is north of the York River in Virginia. This river was named after the Duke of York. It was known earlier as the Charles River, after King Charles II. The county was then called Charles River County. Gloucester County was the first county established north of the York River in Virginia. The colony was settled by the English.

Mildred Warner, the daughter of Augustine Warner, was the great-grandmother of George Washington. Queen Elizabeth is also as closely related to Robert E Lee as any person who was not directly descended from him. She is as closely related to George Washington as any living relative other than those descended from his brother's children.

George Washington didn't leave any direct heirs. Robert E. Lee left direct descendents. He was the husband of George Washington's step-granddaughter.

The estates of Warner and of Robins are taken care of by the Society for the preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

The first charity school to be built in the world was Bottetourt, in Gloucester, Virginia. It was built on part of a royal grant to John Robins, which was sold to Augustine Warner, who left it to found a charity school."

After this, Mommy thanked Captain Deal and said it was a great pleasure to meet him. He said, "It's quite mutual", and just before Mommy left with her oysters and shrimp, he said, "I have spent time visiting most maritime countries on earth. I see how they live, what they have. Knowing what we have here, I know we've the finest country on earth for everybody. Everybody, that is, who wishes to take advantage of their opportunities. We give more of our divine gifts to all, therefore we receive more. We are all able to be divinely led. There are more ways to follow freely God's own pattern for our lives here in this great land of ours. I would fight for that right to death!"

I remember now how, when we went to Washington to go sight-seeing, I drew George Washington's name the way he wrote it. I wish I could have known him. He was a great man. He was the father of our country. I liked to study all about the presidents but mostly George Washington. In Washington, I read how President George Washington laid the cornerstone for the National Capitol on September 18, 1793.

We went to Washington to visit, too. My Mommy's

sister, Aunt Dorothy, has two daughters, Barbara Sue and Joann. We were each two years apart and I am the youngest. All their clothes came to me. I had lots and lots of clothes. Sometimes I had too many clothes. I couldn't decide which to wear.

Aunt Dorothy gave me very pretty dolls, too. She always buys good things and she shops very carefully. She gave me a tiny little doll with long wavy hair. I named her Collyflower, after the vegetable we eat. It's a pretty name. It has music in it. Barbara said, "Linda certainly is one for names!"

I never knew about Easter until I visited my cousins when I was five years old. Then we filled an Easter Basket for each one of us. All the school children in Washington did this. This was the Easter of 1947, the Easter of the year Granddaddy got hurt. I was staying at his home with Mommy, to help take care of him.

My cousins and I talked about Easter eggs and rolling them on the White House lawn in Washington. We learned how, in Dutch Colonial days, there was the custom of "cracking eggs" in New Amsterdam on Easter Monday. One person held a hard-boiled egg in his hand, while another one tried to break it. The winner got the broken egg as a prize. Before Easter came, the shops in the colony were sure to place eggs in their windows. These were tied with red or blue ribbons. Some were colored. On Easter Monday, many persons ate nothing except eggs.

I always had Hallowe'en parties and I had a little Christmas tree every Christmas. It was my little baby tree and it wasn't real, like the one I had when I had my tonsils taken out. But I never had an Easter party. I knew Hallowe'en was for fun. I knew Christmas was for Santa Claus to bring presents. I didn't know then all about Easter, what it means, like I do now. I didn't know Santa Claus is Saint Nicholas, who loves children, and I didn't know lots of other things, then.

Mommy always read " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas" to me and I knew all about reindeer. I always wanted to see real live reindeer. They're so big and so graceful with their beautiful long hair and big horns all twisted 'round each other. Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Comet and Cupid and Donner and Blitzen were my favorites. I hung Mommy's red iceskating socks that are all fuzzy over the fireplace mantle. We played "Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer" on the victrola and on the piano.

Barbara and Joann didn't celebrate Christmas. They had Chanukah, instead, and it is called the Festival of Lights, with the first candle lit at the top of the lights that go up, like steps, eight of them to the top one, the ninth in the middle of them, the one you light the other ones with. That is the way the Jewish people have Christmas. Mommy liked Christmas because Granddaddy always gave her presents then.

Easter meant new spring outfits to them, and they made Easter baskets. The Easter I went to stay with them a couple of

days, I felt very grown-up. I packed my little suitcase Mommy gave me and I kissed her and Grandmommy and Granddaddy and Aunt Lorraine good-bye and left.

I left Mommy only three times in my life. Once when I went with my little suitcase to visit Aunt Dorothy, once when Mommy went to New York for two days and I stayed with Grandmommy, and once when I stayed one night with Sandra. We were always together, Mommy and me.

My uncle drove us in the car to 9 Normandy Drive where they lived. This was in Silver Spring, just outside the city. My cousins had a playroom with lots of toys and a big doll house that had electricity in it. They had a wonderful dog named Skippy.

She was a black and white cocker spaniel. Her grandsire was "My own Brucie". She was a "connoisseur", Joann said. She was very particular about her food. She couldn't be bothered with bones. You had to hold the bone for her so she'd eat the meat off of it. She lay down and rested on her back with her paws up in the air.

Her name was really Skippelina Ruth. Her real birthday was January 14, but my cousins made a mistake and had her birthday parties on February 2.

Aunt Dorothy boiled all the eggs for our Easter party. I cut out lots and lots of little pictures out of an Easter egg paper cut-out book and I pasted a dozen pictures on one egg.

We had chocolate bunnies and yellow sugar baby chickens. How happy I was with my first Easter basket!

I wouldn't let anybody eat any of the chocolate bunnies or little chickens. They were too pretty. They all got stale, but I didn't care.

Aunt Dorothy tried to turn my light off at night, but I wouldn't let her. I always had a little light on at night. Mommy let me. She never let me be afraid.

We went to lots of movies and some of them were scary. But I was never afraid of the most horrible mystery stories. I liked comedies and mysteries best.

Abbott and Costello and the Marx Brothers are funny and all the Walt Disney movies are wonderful. I liked Cinderella best. Willie, the whale, who sang at the Met, was amazing. We saw his vocal chords when he sang. They vibrated. It was really Nelson Eddy who was singing, though!

We went to see "Great Expectations" in the Rose Garden at the Baltimore Museum of Art. I was so glad when Pip was able to be happy, because his life was sad. He was an orphan.

"The Razor's Edge" was sad. I was very sorry for the poor mother who lost her child. There was a song in it called "La Vie En Rose". It was my song and Mommy's. We always thought about the movie when we heard that music. But there was something very beautiful and happy in the movie, too, when we saw the holy man in the mountains and the music swelled up so sweetly.

Then we could think of God, and how He makes everything all right if we trust Him and love Him.

We took lots of drives and we went out the Reisterstown Road all the way to Manchester, Md. We knew when we reached it because in the country-side ahead we could see two church steeples above the houses. We always stopped at Oursler's there for milkshakes and ham sandwiches. It's very clean and everything tastes good there. The people are very pleasant plain country folk.

A few times we drove to Westminster, Md. It's called the little city of faith and security. Mommy said three-quarters of the city is banks and churches. There's lots of security there, and lots of faith.

I like to study about all the countries in the world. One day when Mommy and I went for a ride out the Reisterstown Road, we stopped at a fruit stand.

We went there often because we liked to drive out that road a lot. When we stopped on this day, a lady got out of her car and she gave me some coins.

She said she traveled all over the world. There were Canadian coins and an Egyptian coin. The Canadian penny had a maple leaf on it. We all talked about travel.

Mommy told me Canada is a free country like we are. "Our values are spiritual ones, Linda, and we believe man is the child of God. Our government is based on cooperation, not orders or commands. We need an honest law-making body to manage our affairs for us. Then we have balance of values in a free way of life, like Jefferson said."

"India and Egypt can have a democratic way of life like ours, too", said the woman who gave me the coins. "They can have self-government and peace and the same traditions and way of life, to strive for what is just and best for the common good of all the people."

I saw how the people of other lands live when we visited the museums. At the Walters Art Gallery, I saw an Egyptian mummy in a glass case. I asked Mommy about it. "They used an embalming fluid to preserve the body, and then wrapped it to keep air from it", she said. "It's thousands of years old."

"Doesn't it smell?", I asked.

"I guess it would, after it's opened. But it's inside the wrappings and hasn't decayed. That's how the Egyptians buried people."

We saw lots of coins there, too, thousands of years old. One was a boy riding on a porpoise. Mommy said it was a coin telling about a myth or legend.

The best way to learn about yesteryear is to go to museums. At the Peale Museum, we learned about the artist Charles Wilson Peale, and about early Baltimore, and saw fine paintings by Baltimore artists and at the Maryland Historical Society, we saw how people dressed a hundred years ago in Baltimore. They

had parasols and ruffles and all kinds of fancy decorations. Mommy said those are the Victorian period and she told me about Queen Victoria and her husband, Albert, and their children.

When we took the trip to Annapolis and to the Eastern Shore, I learned all about the colonial days in Maryland. Daddy and Mommy and I went to Annapolis together and we went sight-seeing. Daddy told us about the history of the navy, and he talked about the Attack Transport he was on in the war.

As we drove towards Annapolis, I saw the green dome of the State House. I don't know why it seemed to me I had seen it before, in a dream I had in Urbana. I didn't tell Mommy about that until much later. The view was so beautiful, with the waters of the Severn River reaching out before us, all shining.

First we had lunch in the coffee shop at the Carvel Hall Hotel. Then we went to the Naval Academy Chapel where the father of the American Navy, John Paul Jones, is buried. The big American flag is draped over his tomb. This chapel is domed, too. I once dreamed about buildings with domes, like these domes in Annapolis.

The guide in the State House in Annapolis told us, "It is the oldest capitol in daily use and it was finished in 1774. George Washington resigned as commander-in-chief of the American army in the room of the old senate chamber. In the same room, the Continental Congress ratified the treaty with Great Britain that ended the war.

The dome that tops the building is the only all-wooden dome in America. In the building is the only American Flag, "Old Glory", that was carried in the Revolution and the War of 1812.

The capitol of Maryland was first at St. Mary's City in Southern Maryland. The early settlers from the Ark and the Dove had landed at St. Clement's Island on the 25th of March in 1634. There were 320 people who landed from these two ships that left Southampton, England, November 22, 1633. The Indians were friendly and there was lots of food, for the land was rich and the streams and bay full of fish. A Jesuit priest, Father Andrew White, said mass."

St. Mary's City had the first State House. The State House in Annapolis was built from 1772 to 1774. Annapolis has circles and narrow old winding streets and it's quaint and quiet and peaceful and lovely. The sidewalks are uneven bricks and there is ivy over the old buildings.

Annapolis is on the Severn River at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. I liked to watch the sailboats in the breeze. The guide gave us two booklets. One told how Maryland was started, the other one all about the State House. I learned a lot of history from them.

"Maryland was founded in 1634 by Cecelius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore. The charter was granted in 1632 by Charles I of England to George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore.

Maryland was named for Henrietta Maria, the King's wife, and Queen, and Princess of France. Freedom of worship was the rule Lord Baltimore made for the colony. In 1649, the Religious Toleration Act was passed. Maryland was the only spot in the world where worship was free and not commanded. Maryland is called 'The Free State'. Maryland was one of the thirteen original colonies and the seventh to join the Union.

Maryland is bordered on the north by Pennsylvania, on the east by Delaware and the Atlantic Ocean, and on the south and west by Virginia and West Virginia.

There is an old limestone boundary stone separating Maryland and Delaware. It stands nearly four feet tall and twelve to fourteen inches in width. It was placed at 'Middle Point', the halfway point between the Atlantic Ocean and the Chesapeake Bay by Mason and Dixon in 1768.

'Middle Point', marked the spot from which a line drawn to the north sliced Delaware from the original Maryland colony. The stone has the seal of William Penn on its north and east sides and the seal of the Maryland Calverts on the west and south sides.

The line was settled after a lot of meetings between Lord Baltimore and Willian Penn.

At this Middle Point, the Eastern Shore was divided by a line running to the north. It ends now at the Pennsylvania State line.

Today the stone marks the southwest corner of the State of Delaware and is the guide point for boundary lines separating Maryland and Delaware."

"My, all the argument states had about boundary lines is like the lines setting our property apart from our neighbors. There are lines drawn everywhere", I said.

"As long as it's settled peacefully, it's all right", said Mommy, and went on reading out of the book about the State House. Then she said, "The green dome is green because it's covered with copper that has weathered with age and storms."

Then she said in surprise, "Our Maryland flag is supposed to have a cross on top, for that is what the first one had. It's the same colors as the coat-of-arms of the English Church, the Anglican Episcopal Church. In 1692, that was the State Church. The first service was held by colonists at St. Mary's City in Maryland in 1634. Red and white and black and yellow, they are the colors of our Maryland flag and the red and white crosses in the flag stand for 'Cross Lands'. They are crosses 'Botonnee'.

The first church service in America was at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. The church began on May 14, 1607. One hundred and five men landed on the shores of what was to become Virginia. In establishing Jamestown, Virginia, the first English settlers brought the Anglican Church to America. One of their first acts was a worship service under an old sail hung between two trees with

a bar of wood for an altar rail. One of the first buildings was the church."

After a little while we drove all around the town again and passed the St. John's College on King George Street. It was built in 1696 and is a Great Books college. It used to be called King William's School, after the King of England. It is a very beautiful school with fine old buildings and old trees and beautiful lawns.

We went on home. I was very tired but I enjoyed the trip. I got in the tub with bath salts out of the glass bowl container with woolen eyes and eyebrows on it that Cammy made for me as a present and with Sally Swan, my beautiful floating toy for my bath, made out of white and blue plastic, and I soaked and rested. Then I went to sleep.

I'm glad we took a lot of trips and drives to interesting places. We bought the car in August in 1949 and I went back to school in September. In October we found the house on Providence Road in Towson. We moved in around November 1, 1949. It is in Loch Raven Valley.

Mr. Laird and Mr. Rock were the builders and they had almost finished the house, except for painting the bedrooms. Mine was painted blue to match my blue and white French Provincial furniture and Mommy's and Daddy's was painted green to go with their Chinese Chippendale bedroom set that Granddaddy gave Mommy for her eighteenth birthday.

Granddaddy gave me beautiful porcelains of squirrels and rabbits and girls and boys and an orchestra of Hummel children to decorate my room. He gave me a tiny little tea set in china.

He paid to have Mommy's evergreens moved from the house with the brook and she was grateful to him.

The man who moved the evergreens for us put some of them in the far back of the lot where there are lots of trees. They are oak trees.

There are oaks in front, too, and a beautiful tall birch tree with whitish bark. He put the biggest evergreen of all on the top of the slope near the road. He put my little one I called my evergreen, it was so perky and green and I liked it best, on the slope next to the biggest one so close they grew into each other later on, and they leaned on each other all the time.

There are lots of acorns all over the ground because of the oak trees. They are fun to gather. There are lots of squirrels because of the acorns and they make homes in the tall trees. There are many different kinds of birds, some with beautiful songs, and some of bright colors, too, red especially.

Mommy and me love evergreens and flowers. Granddaddy loved them, too. Around his house he made rock gardens and a big pool with water running over rocks. Ferns grew around it and all kinds of woodland plants.

When Mommy was at home with him before I was living,

she went out at six o'clock in the morning with him to woods in the country of Maryland to find wild rock plants and flowers. They brought them back and planted them together. She had her own little rock garden with a pelican standing next to her little pool, with lilies and goldfish in it. She studied all about plants and fish. The fish lived under the ice in the winter time.

Once they took a trip to Lily Pons, Md. It is named after the opera star. The Three Springs Fisheries are there and Mommy and Granddaddy bought lilies and fish. Mommy said it was most beautiful. She described the lilies and the lotus flowers to me, how they were lovely colors and rose up above the pads of leaves, and looked so cool.

When Mommy and I took the trip out to Fork, Md., to the Stony Batter Nursery, she bought some holly plants to put at the new house and we bought jonquils on the Falls Road, at the Valley Nursery, to plant in front. They are my Birthday Flower. They were big ones; King Alfred was the name. We bought coral bells and other flowering plants with blue flowers that bloom a long time at a place on the York Road. We lived way out the York Road when we moved. It's a funny coincidence. When Mommy and Daddy first got married, they lived on the beginning of the York Road in the city for eight months. Then they went to Urbana. I went with Mommy and Daddy to buy the home at 113 and to buy the home at 602.

I sat and watched everybody sign. This house is a stone house. There are lots of stone quarries near us. The house in Urbana was of all white boards.

In our new house I had the furniture Mommy bought for me and that I never had used. It is grown-up and the room is big enough for it here. I had my baby furniture in Urbana.

Mommy bought me curtains and a spread in rose color to match, and the furniture, and put it all away. It fitted perfectly in my new bedroom. She was glad she had it, so I could have a pretty room.

Daddy sent me a little rocking chair when he was in the navy. It plays Rock-a-bye Baby. He sent it from the Bon Marche store in Seattle. It's next to my bed with a big doll in it Aunt Lorraine won at bingo.

I got lots of presents. Aunt Celeste sent beautiful story book dolls to me that I put on my shelves. One was a Valentine doll with a heart-shaped hat all in red. Aunt Celeste is a Valentine baby, born on February 14, herself. She gave me books. The best one was "Heidi". It's beautiful.

Aunt Lorraine always gave me lots of presents, especially at Christmas time. Once when I was very little and we were at Grandmommy's house, Aunt Lorraine dressed up as Santa Claus and I was so surprised when I went into the living-room to see Santa Claus there. I kept on asking how he got in. They told me through

the chimney. He looked very big to have come that way, but I wanted to believe it. So I did.

She gave me a cash register and puppets and a puppet theatre, a toy milkshake mixer, and eggbeater, and a toy fountain for all kinds of drinks. She bought bowler hats for me and pocketbooks and ornaments and dolls. She cooked special dishes for me, too. We were always in Grandmommy's kitchen together.

I learned how to make good scrambled eggs. I wrote down the recipe. Mommy found it and said she'd keep it in a cook book scrapbook for me. I had my own size pyrex baking dishes.

I liked Chinese food, too. Egg rolls are good with duck sauce, made out of peach jam and garlic and red pepper and french fried mano clams are wonderful. Howard Johnson's Restaurants have mano-fried clams. We ate them at the one on Cold Spring Lane. I liked their ice-cream cones better than anybody else's. I liked to drink Jasmine and Ming tea and cocoa. These were my favorites.

Our kitchen is big and yellow. Mommy and I wanted a kitchen table to make things on. We didn't have one, so we looked in the stores. It took a long time to decide on the right one. We put up pretty curtains and to pull blinds up and down, little teakettles on cords that are made for kitchen blindpulls and that are pretty, and Chinese prism chimes are the pull on the window facing the woods in back that we never pull the shade down on. They tinkle when the breeze blows in.

I put my big carriage that I had when I was a baby under the back window in my room. I had two pink blankets for my babies and two pillows. I loved to take care of my dolls.

I had lots of utensils for washing them and brushes and combs for their hair. Lots of times if I had to stay home because I was sick I washed their clothes.

It was cold water I washed in. I never liked hot water at all. I felt better when I used cold water.

I combed my dolls' hair so much it always came off, especially Wendy's hair, that was real, and we had to glue it back on.

I liked combing Mommy's hair, too. It's long and curly and thick.

I liked to dress up in Mommy's high heels and clothes, especially in her silver fox fur piece Granddaddy gave her.

She has lots of hats that are very dressed up hats. I loved to put them on. They have pearls and feathers and sparkling rhinestones.

One day I crawled around on the floor with the silver fox pretending I was an animal. One day later on Mommy saw the paws coming off and she was a little bit angry with me. But she knew I didn't mean to hurt it. I was just playing a game.

She was sorry for me because when we moved there were

no girls near my age around there except Kitty. Kitty came over to skate with me after we moved. But Mommy was always afraid I'd fall. Kitty always came every weekend morning with our postman, Mr. Wilkinson, on our route. He is a very cheerful, very kind mailman.

I was sick a lot after we moved. The doctor thought it was my tonsils.

We went to see different people who had little girls. Mrs. Laird and the builder had a nice little girl. Mommy and I went to see her and they were very kind to us. They had collies for sale in their home. We went to see them at Christmas time when there was a beautiful tree in the livingroom.

Their home was further down in Loch Raven Valley, in Providence Village. We live at the top of the valley on Providence Road. There's a little old white church at the end of the road. It's pretty and very quiet-looking, and peaceful.

We went to see Cynthia Neesemann. Her family lived next door to Granddaddy and Mommy when she lived at the office at 122 West Lee Street. Cynthia and I played together.

At Christmas time I had my tonsils taken out. The doctor said they were very bad. I had a big, big, enormous Christmas tree all lit up with an angel on top. Mommy dragged it in to the house. It was too heavy for her to lift. But she made up her mind I would have a real tree.

I had two big, tremendous new babies. Their names are Baby Snooks and Robespierre. They were put in the big carriage and that was their own bed, too. I took the best care of them. They were my little brother and little sister and I love them with all my heart, like real live babies.

They came to me on December 20, 1949, the same day Granddaddy was born in 1887, sixty some years ago, and the same day exactly that Aunt Dorothy moved into her new home in the city, that she made all the plans for.

I felt better after a while and I ate a lot again and liked to be outdoors. I had a new picture to put in my room where I stayed when I had to be indoors so much.

Mrs. Bernbaum, whom we visited, came to see us in November, on the 15th. In December she sent me a beautiful picture of yesteryear, one hundred and twenty years old. It was made in 1829. It's blue and has ladies in blue gowns. It's called "Chapeau de velours. Robe de satin garnie de tulle", and "Le Conseiller Des Graces".

I was in the hospital when it came and Mommy and I opened the package. Mrs. Bernbaum knew what would look pretty in my room, which is French.

At christmas time, Miss Barkalow, who lived next door in a white house, brought me a gingerbread man. The Dollenbergs, who have Ann and Dougie, gave me presents, and they all came to

see me while I lived here. They are the neighbors who live on the other side. Next door to Ann, Lynne Swann lives. Next door to Miss Barkalow are the Gakenheimers and their three boys.

We took lots of drives out the Harford Road. We drove to places near us to look at the scenery and get the fresh air so I would be strong again after the operation.

The water supply of Baltimore comes from Loch Raven. It's a reservoir. The water is gallons and gallons from Gunpowder falls. There are 23 billion gallons.

The lake winds in and out for miles and miles all around and near us.

The Valley of Jehosophat is the other valley. We are between two valleys. In colonial times, the land was sold to Daniel Dulaney in November in 1724. That's why it's called Dulaney's Valley. The word Jehosophat is called Jehoshaphat in the Bible.

There are bible names all around here. There's Joppa, and Providence, and Jehosophat. We are near East Joppa Road. A sign there reads, "The Joppa Road was originally an Indian trail used in 1695 by a troop of rangers from the garrison fort to keep back the Indians. Later the Highway to Joppa Town, the county seat of Baltimore County from 1712 to 1768 and the rival of Baltimore."

From where we are you can see far, far away. The valleys are sometimes in a mist and then the hills and dales look very dim.

But when the sun is rising or when it's setting or when the moon is brightly shining, the colors of rose and blue and purple and pale orange and yellow all float into each other and the hills turn different beautiful colors.

It's very, very beautiful to look at the quiet lake of Loch Raven Valley. It's very peaceful, and sometimes when the sun is shining in midday, the waters sparkle like diamonds, millions of diamonds, and the sunbeams float down to the water and up again to the sunshiny sky.

The Eagle's Nest is land that is part of the Valley of Jehosophat. Mr. Dulaney got half of this in 1747 and half in 1767. We have history all around us here on Providence Road.

But at the end of the Revolutionary War, it was taken away from him and sold. Thomas Marsh bought it in 1788. It still belongs to his descendants.

The Eagle's Nest has a big house with trees entirely hiding it, like the way an eagle builds a nest high up and hides it with boughs and branches and leaves.

There are lots of beautiful hills and dales in the valleys. Further out the York Road is the Pretty Boy Dam. The falls are tremendous. My Daddy and I walked right up to them. Then we had to climb hundreds of steps to get back up to Mommy. The roar of the falls stopped up my ears. It's so big, bigger than any falls I ever saw.

The Loch Raven Falls is not very high but it's fast when

it runs over the concrete dam and it's cool in the heat, and all the needly, shimmery pine trees smell cool and look cool and feel cool in the groves.

Sometimes when Mommy drove, she put her arm around me and kissed my face and kissed my hand. She was always telling me how much she loved me and that God sent me. I liked to hear that, whenever she said it. I knew we would always love each other.

I soon went back to school and studied. When the weather grew warmer in the early spring, I played a lot with a new friend.

Her name is Sandra Perellis and she lives in back of Grandmommy's house.

Of all my friends, I liked Ford and Sandra best of all. I didn't play imaginary games with Sandra and we didn't play much with dolls. We studied about the stars and we talked about science.

She is a year older than I am and she was my first real grown-up girl friend.

We liked to dance in the big driveway between our houses. There is a brick wall and red roses climbing all over it in the late springtime.

Sandra's mother took movies of us one day in front of the roses. I had on my red skirt and peasant blouse and white slippers. I picked them all myself, at Allan's store in Forest Park, where Grandmommy lives.

I learned to ride Sandra's bicycle there, and we danced folk dances like the hopskotch polka. We also played hopskotch. I love Sandra very much. She is a true friend.

When we danced, I wore white ballerina slippers. I picked them out at Hess's. They were exactly what I wanted. I wore them all the time.

I started to grow very fast around this time. The chart Mommy bought to keep a record of me as I grew up got shorter than me, all of a sudden. She put it away. It was pretty, with a measure you pull out and pictures all over it.

Sandra and I went to the Forest movie on Saturday afternoons. Mommy used to go there when she was a little girl with her girl friends, especially Rena.

Mommy made Grandmommy's maid, Mary, walk along with us, to see that we crossed all right. She watched us 'till we came to the movie, then she came for us when I called Mommy to tell her I was out of the movie.

Sandra called me "Linchester" and I called her "Sonchester". We played together in her house a lot, too, and had long conversations. She has a very beautiful room and I stayed with her one night.

She likes figures to put on stands and she has lots of them. I told her about mine. She didn't come to see me until later on.

Mommy took us to the Academy of Sciences on Thursday nights. We looked through the telescope at the moon and the planets and we saw educational films. Sandra and I liked this better than

anything. We started to read all about the stars and we got library books about them. We looked out of the window of Sandra's bedroom and talked about the tremendous universe. We also liked to play checkers with red and black checkers on a red and black checker board and Jacks, too. Mommy only liked to play Chinese Checkers with marbles.

We played until the end of June, and when Sandra left to go to camp, she gave me a white leather strip to keep as a friendship present, like the chain Ford gave me, when I left Urbana, except this was leather, that was metal. We wrote to each other. She sent me letters on pretty stationery with flowers on it.

Mommy and I were at Grandmommy's a lot in the spring of 1950, from April to August. During the four months, Aunt Lorraine needed lots of help to get her restaurant started.

It was called "The Seafare". She started it in a little place and the customers packed into it because the food was very good. Then she fell down some steps and broke her arm and Mommy and I helped her. We took charge of it for her. I liked to kill flies in there for her and charged five cents a piece. I also liked to go get change for the cash register and punched the keys sometimes. I ate lots of food.

When I didn't go down there with Mommy, I stayed with Eunice, Grandmommy's laundress. She did up all my dolls' clothes for me. They looked beautiful. I liked Eunice and Mary a lot. They were very good to me.

Once a week Mommy went to the radio stations. We were writing our program together. Mommy went to the radio stations to learn how to write a radio program and how to produce it. She saw what the engineer does and learned about sound effects and proper production.

I went with her a few times. We sat together at WBAL when Mr. Rock talked about writing for radio and all the different things in the history of radio. It was very interesting. I helped her write down notes about it.

Mommy went to WFBR and Mr. Spatz talked to the class there.

The year before, when we first came to Baltimore, Mr. Roeder helped Mommy. He's at Station WCBM. It's over the Sears Community House.

Mommy didn't like for me to listen to a lot of soap operas. That's what she called the stories when everybody falls in love with everybody and suspects everybody. She says it makes children think too many wrong thoughts. That's why she started working on the idea.

My favorite programs were ones that were funny or mysterious or how everybody good was helped and the bad ones were taught their lesson. Here are my favorites on the radio:

Meet Corliss Archer

The Shadow
Dragnet
The Great Gildersleeve
Sam Spade
The Adventures of Mr. & Mrs. North
People Are Funny
The Beulah Show
Let's Pretend
Suspense
Our Miss Brooks
The Quiz Kids
Baby Snooks
Fibber McGee and Mollie
My Friend Irma
Mr. Keene, Tracer of Lost Persons
The news and about flying saucers
The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet

Here are my favorites on TV:

Henry Aldrich
This is Your Zoo
Arthur Godfrey
Mr. Imagination
Kukla, Fran and Ollie
I Remember Mama, with Dagmar

I liked all the comedians who make people laugh a lot—Joan Davis and Bob Hope and Fred Allen; also Bergen and McCarthy and Rochester and Jack Benny and Groucho Marx and Eddie Cantor.

The Sears store is next to WCBM. That's where we bought all the evergreens. In front of WCBM is the first shaft in memory of Christopher Columbus in this country.

I went up there a lot with Mommy. She was writing the story being told by one person mostly, with the little songs in the story about the music and poetry. It was a little old for children.

Now she writes it mostly for children and young people. Mr. Roeder helped her a lot. He was very, very kind to us.

I took piano lessons in Baltimore right after we got here. Miss Flora Patti Evans (her father named her after Patti, the opera star) gave me lessons.

I played in a recital at the Sears Community House and I wrote out a program to remind Daddy about it. It was in the spring, in 1950, in May. Some of my school friends came with me to hear me play. Valerie was one of them.

Miss Evans came to see me later on when I got sick and had to go to the hospital. Sandra came to see me at my house.

I began to have stomach aches a lot in the spring, too. But I still had lots of fun.

We went to see my aunt and my cousins one day again in the spring. I was almost eight and one-half years old. We played

ping-pong in the club basement of the new home. Barbara and Jo bought me a squirt gun. I never had one before. It was lots of fun. I squirted Mommy all over her legs with cold water and she jumped.

When we went to the zoo in Washington in Rock Creek Park, I had a bad tummy ache. Mommy wouldn't let me have any of the popcorn or soft drinks. She made me eat all soft food and warm milk.

I looked at the big monkey house and the gorillas and at the bears in their outdoor pools and their caves and we saw a lot of the great big zoo. It has an eagle exhibit, too. I looked at them hard. I never saw one before, except on dollar bills and twenty-five cent coins. And on nickels is the home of Thomas Jefferson, Monticello. All the coins have "Liberty" on them and "In God we Trust", and, of course, The United States of America.

Later on after we rested, I felt better and we saw the Lincoln Memorial. We went inside and I looked at the enormous statue. He is a kind man. I liked his beautiful soft look. He loved all the poor people and tried to help them. And he was very brave, too. Mommy told me how he got shot. I remember the statue in Urbana in the Carle Park when Ford and me played next to President Lincoln. He said "God must have loved the common people. He made so many of them."

It was late when we saw the building and as it got dark, it was lit up with lots of lights streaming out. Then it was even more beautiful. It shone all over with the light and the lights danced over the beautiful lake in front of the memorial.

We rode past the Washington Monument and saw that brightly shining and the capitol, too, all lighted up in the dark, and I was proud of being in my own capitol of my own United States of America.

One more trip is all we took before I got sick, really sick, and had to go to my doctor, Dr. Wilson Grubb.

It was a trip around the Bay Country. We saw the early churches with the little steeples and burial vaults like the one at St. Anne's Churchyard in Annapolis. They are above the ground. In St. Anne's Cemetery in the circle Sir Robert Eden, who was the last colonial governor, is buried. The day we went to Annapolis was a beautiful day. The sky was very blue. On the river we saw a boat unloading clams.

The Eastern Shore has all kinds of seafood. The only thing is, they don't have lobsters. They're very, very good. In New England we had lots of them and they didn't cost much.

We saw Loblolly pines. They are all over the Bay Country. They are very tall evergreens with all the green at the very top tip of the tree.

Sometimes there are flocks of wild swans in the air. There are lots of ducks. There are canvasbacks, and mallards,

and black ducks, and pintails. In the winter the skies are filled with Canada geese.

There are oysters and clams and crabs, and shrimp and diamond-backed terrapin, and two-hundred different kinds of fish. The Chesapeake Bay is full of herring, too. They are there only three months of the year, but they can be caught and salted or canned. Granddaddy talks about how good herring are for you, all the time.

He believes in eating foods that contain vitamins. Fish contain more brain foods than others. Maybe that's why his brain is so good. Mommy says the human brain reaches almost its full weight in the seventh year. So I already have all my brains that I will ever have, because I'm eight and one-half. She says all I have to do is use them. They are there. And feed them right "thinking food", too.

The bay has the world's largest crane. I didn't see it, but one of the clammers told me about it. He said warships use the bay to reach the world's largest naval base, around Norfolk.

It's very quiet around most of the bay. There are big distances. Nobody crowds you. There is lots of food. I like it.

The man said there used to be mountains of oyster shells, piled up in places along the wharves. Now the State of Maryland uses half of all the shells to replant oysters os we won't lose too many of them. They are called "oyster beds".

Lots of people own cottages and beautiful boats, little ones with cabins and big yachts, too. They sometimes live on the boats. They cost a lot of money and are made out of the hardest, shiniest wood. It would be wonderful to have one.

Maryland is a state with everything to be proud of: a State House, and a flower, and a song, and a flag, and even a tree. The flower is the Black-eyed Susan. The song is "Maryland, My Maryland". We already said about the flag.

There is a big tree in a State Park. It's called Wye Oak State Park. It's in Wye Mills, in Talbot County, in the Bay Country.

It's near an old church called Old Wye Church, that was finished in 1721.

The Wye Oak was there before the Ark and the Dove, the solid English oak ships, came into the bay in 1634.

It is a white oak tree, not like our oaks at 602, that grew very high and very thin.

This one spreads. It is wider than any other white oak in the country.

It is on Highway 622. The state put it in a one-tree State Forest, and put white fences around it. It is fed, and trimmed, and wired, all the time. We are pround of the Wye Oak Tree.

It is nearly twenty-eight feet wide, ninety-five feet high, and it spreads one-hundred sixty-five feet. What a great tree!

When I got really sick, I lay in bed a lot. Mommy sang

to me. She sang, "Sweet summer breeze, whispering trees, kiss me, kiss me, again".

After I started to have my tummy aches, I got a terrible pain all the time in my left leg. I lost a lot of weight all of a sudden.

Mommy was crying in the doctor's office because she knew I was really sick. The doctor thought I had something in back of my left kidney that could be giving me the pain in my left leg. He wanted me to go to the hospital, in the children's ward.

I went, but Mommy couldn't stay with me. They took tests on me and Mommy couldn't come to see me. I was very sad because she left me a note that she couldn't be there, until Sunday during the visiting hours.

When she came she was sad, too. I could see she had been crying a lot. I said to her, "Mommy, I don't care what they do to me, as long as you can stay with me."

Mommy got Grandmommy to the hospital to help get a private room for us to be together. Then we were happier. My doctor helped us get it. He was good to us.

He called another doctor who is a urologist, Dr. Hugh Jewett, and this doctor gave me sleeping medicine and examined me.

I had a hard time coming out of the anesthetic, but I finally heard Mommy calling to me and I came.

She looked at me as though she wanted to say something, but she didn't.

The doctors decided that another doctor, a surgeon, Dr. Warfield Firor, should operate on me. I didn't know about it until Mommy came over to my bed, that was next to hers, to tell me the doctor wanted to move a little bit of insides over a little to make me feel better.

She talked to me and then I wasn't afraid. She found my nurse, Mrs. Mary Thomas, who is like Mommy. I wasn't afraid when we went up in the elevator together for the operation.

I was very peaceful when I came down. I felt better. The pain was almost gone in my left leg.

Granddaddy came every day to see me. He brought me presents and he tried a new treatment of B12 in a needle.

A friend of his, Mr. Stephen Seth, gave me a small television set to put in front of my bed. I saw all of my favorite programs. Another friend, Dr. Grant Ward, wanted to help me.

Betty Conklin, Mommy's friend, came to see us. She brought Charles, her son. She brought me flowers. I was very happy to see her and to see Charles. I showed them the charm necklace I had strung and the green and white plastic belt Daddy and I wove together.

One day a friend of Granddaddy's, Dr. Hundley, who is a doctor, came to examine me. Afterwards, Mommy went out in

the hall to talk to him.

All of a sudden she came back in. She looked very, very queer. I asked her, "What's wrong, Mommy?" She said, "Nothing, nothing, my lamb."

Then she seemed to be gasping a little for breath and she started to sing to me. She sang "Kiss Me Again". She kissed me and straightened my sheets and loved me with her look.

After this, I started to get out of bed and get in a wheelchair and I went for treatments with an x-ray machine.

That doctor, Dr. Whitmer B. Firor, was very nice to us, too. Everybody was. I went with Mrs. Thomas and Mommy and Daddy several days, from the hospital.

Then they said I could go home. I had to take all my presents with me, because they were memories from friends. But I left the Vumaster Aunt Celeste sent me with the Johnston's Children's Ward, where I first was, because I had one I bought myself. I thought they would like it. I took all the presents Granddaddy's friends gave me.

Mrs. Malone called every day to send me her love and she sent notes and she and her husband, Dr. Malone, who teaches at Daddy's University, sent me a frog vase with a plant in it. I liked it, because I could think about the sound frogs make on summer nights near 602, down in the valley.

Mommy and I made friends in the hospital. Mr. Marye, who is at the Maryland Historical Society, came to see me one day. He and I talked about cats and how cats and cows are holy in some countries. We read it in a Life Magazine. We talked about India and my Sweet Meat Bells of Sarna, hanging on my bed.

Eloise Lee was there, too. Mommy went in to see her often and talked about me to her. She couldn't do anything because she had twisted her back and she had to lie there. She was glad to have company. Mommy told me about her, and one day I rode past in the wheel chair and waved to her.

One day just before I left the hospital, I heard Mommy talking to the doctor who was the surgeon.

She was telling him about the red birthmark I had when I was born. One just like it came on my right shoulder in the same spot, as it was on my left shoulder when I was a baby. This was when I got sick with the tummy aches and the pain in my left leg. It finally disappeared all by itself in a few weeks.

We went home in the automobile, two weeks before Mommy's wedding anniversary on October 15. It was the end of September, 1950.

I went for my treatments but finally I couldn't eat anything. I drank tea.

I had a nauseated feeling all the time. I read and lay in bed. Once in a while I dressed myself, when I felt better, and we went for rides in the car.

I read and read about Little Women by Louisa May Alcott, and Winnie the Pooh by A. A. Milne, and about Heidi and lots of other books. Whenever I heard our teakettle whistle I knew Mommy was making tea for me.

We bought our whistling teakettle at Jenkins Hardware store just before I got sick.

We went in one day and we bought all kinds of utensils for our kitchen. We bought the copper Trig kettle.

I liked the sound. It was cheerful.

One day I was very, very happy. Sandra came to see me. She brought me lots of charms. After she was here for a while, I didn't feel very good and I had to lie down on the bed. We did mirror writing and dressed dolls and played tic-tac-toe and crossword puzzles.

Then we said good-bye. I felt sick, but I wanted to walk to the door with her. I said, "Good-bye, Sandra", and I threw her a kiss. She said, "Good-bye, Linda", and threw me a kiss. Then Mommy drove her home.

One day a man came about a kitchen table. We had talked to him at Sears store on North Avenue. He showed us one we liked in a catalogue and he came this day to show it to us again, and Mommy called to me who was in the living-room.

I got up out of bed and I put on my plaid blouse and my blue jeans with my cowboy belt that is leather and has shiny horses' heads on it, and I walked into the living-room and sat in our Mr. Boston rocking chair. I wanted to be sure Mommy got the right table.

The man wrote it all down. It's a gray and shiny chromium Beautychrome set 63RP/#915 and it has red Chinese writing on the corners of it, and nice smooth rounded edges. The chairs are red with chromium legs and beads around the gray shadowbox inside the back of the chair, with a red Chinese letter inside. There is white piping around the back. The edges are all round and smooth. We ordered three chairs.

One day Aunt Dorothy came to see me. She heard I wasn't better and couldn't eat. She made oatmeal for me. I didn't eat it. While she was talking to mommy about how to feed me, I suddenly ached so from my head to my feet, I screamed, "Get me up off of this bed!" Mommy ran to me, white as the sheet. She lifted me. But I still screamed.

She called the doctor. She wanted me to be in the hospital where she could make me more comfortable. He said it was a good idea. He told her to call an ambulance in Towson.

She called the Fire Department. They have a bright red ambulance that they keep so shiny and clean and looking like new, called County Ambulance #1. Mommy said, "Linda, dear, they can help us more there in the hospital. You and I will ride there together in a beautiful ambulance. You can tell all your friends about it when

you go back to your school."

I couldn't talk, but I nodded my head. We took my blue blanket and my rubber-foam pillow and the man who came laid me gently on the stretcher. Mommy sat with me and held my hand. It was night-time and we rode slowly to the hospital.

It was Hallowe'en time. I didn't know, then, that Hallowe'en means Hallowed Eve. I thought Hallowe'en only meant parties and fun and tricks or treats.

When we got there, I had to be taken to the Children's ward, the Johnston Ward. But they let Mommy stay. She sat up all night on a chair.

The next day was Hallowe'en, October 31, 1950. There were lots of children. I watched while Mommy helped make a party for them.

We had bought lots of Hallowe'en plates and napkins and things at Hochschild Kohn's at Belvedere Ave., while I was feeling well one day. I helped pick them. Mommy took them when we left the house, telling me she would give me a Hallowe'en party.

She used all these things at the children's party. They were all sick children, but they enjoyed the party.

In a couple of days, we were given a private room. This time it was on a higher floor, the fourth floor, in Room 412.

Granddaddy came to see me every day. Mommy stayed with me. She never left me except on voting day and that is a very important day. Then Mrs. Thomas came and stayed with me a litte while. On Tuesday, November 7, 1950, Mommy went all the way to Towson, but a man gave her wrong directions and she couldn't find the voting place. She ran into the house and brought me a few things instead.

Mommy rubbed me with cocoa butter and took care of me. I felt very, very bad part of the time. She could always make me feel better by soothing me, though.

One day when Grandaddy stood near my bed, I ached so, I groaned and Mommy soothed my head and my legs and I couldn't make any other sound to let her know she helped me. We always had helped each other, when I was home.

One day I put my arms around my Mommy and I said, "Mommy, I want you to live forever."

"Oh, but I'll get old and I won't be pretty."

"I'll always love you, Mommy, no matter how old you are."

I wanted Mommy to know I'll never stop loving her.

I know she will never stop loving me, too.

LINDA

Part II

EASTER

"Come back, Linda, come back!", I heard Mommy cry out. You see, I was leaving here and we both knew it, all of a sudden. Soon afterwards, I knew why, because God showed me and I wanted to help Mommy see why. She didn't have anybody to talk to about God, the way we did together, after I left, and she was all lost and sad.

When I went back to the hospital on the night before Hallowe'en, I stayed only until November 16, 1950. That was the day I left. It was on Thursday and the time was 1:35 p.m.

Then the nurses took Mommy out of the room. She couldn't stand it, being away from me while I was leaving her. But in a little while she knew in her heart I was with God, that He had sent for me to come to be with Him. And she loves Him so much she felt a little better.

For several days before I left Mommy, on the back of my door in the hospital there hung a dress and slippers. Aunt Dorothy visited me and wanted to make me happy so she asked Mommy what she could bring me.

Mommy knew that for a long time I had wanted a ballet costume that was all spangles and white, all shining.

She told Aunt Dorothy what I said. "I want a ballet costume all white satin and tulle, all fluffy, with a little pink and white on it", I told Mommy when she asked me. I wanted some pink on it because I wanted pink ballet slippers, too. Aunt Dorothy's eyes sparkled because she could do something to make me happy.

That same day, Aunt Dorothy called two places in Washington, where she lives, where they make ballet costumes. One place didn't have what I asked for.

At the other place a woman answered on the telephone. "Come right over; I have a ballet costume here that will fit your description exactly, and it's the exact size for the child."

When she got there, there was a funeral parlor on the first floor. The lady's husband was an undertaker and they knew all about illness.

Aunt Dorothy told her about me and that I had a lump in me that was called a long name. She told my aunt about an old doctor in Canada who had claimed to cure many people from it with a serum he would not send out of the country. He said it had to be given only under the conditions he gave it under, called the Hett Treatment, at 1441 Sandwich Street, East, Windsor.

While Mommy listened to this, they sat together in the waiting-room, Aunt Dorothy and Mommy. They heard a lady there talking about the same thing. Mommy went to talk to the woman and she gave her a little booklet about the work the doctor had done. She wanted to take me there but there wasn't enough time.

Everybody knew I would be leaving soon, but Mommy kept begging them not to give up hope about me. They did every-

thing for me that they could.

But God wanted me to come. The white ballet costume was my burial dress. That was the beginning of my new life.

Everybody said I looked as if I were just sleeping, in my white satin bodice with little pink and white flowers all over the top, with a beautiful white, fluffy tulle skirt, very short, showing my legs all the way from the top of my thigh to my feet in pink ballet slippers and all over the skirt were sparkling rhinestones.

Soon after I left, things that were very unusual began to happen to my Mommy. Each time that something made her very, very unhappy and sad and she would lose her strength, something would happen to bring her back and give her a little more strength. God wants her to be strong and do things for Him and He knew how she wanted to see that I was really very near her and happy and living in another way than when I was with her. She wanted to find out more and more about the things people should know about Faith.

Mommy has good friends who believe the way she does, and they all help her. I told her once never to forget her friends, for friends are very, very important.

I never forgot mine. That's why I wanted to go to see Ford. He gave me the little ship-charm with sails that moved to remind me to come to see him at Block Island some summer. I promised I'd come. I'm glad we went. My friends were all very true.

Mrs. Stella Ivey, who worked as a secretary in the University, where Mommy met her, is a true friend to Mommy, and she told her about a dream she had of me in a ballet dress. She never knew about the real ballet dress I wore until I left here, but a week before that, before I went, she had a beautiful dream. She saw me in the dancing costume, dancing with thousands of children, laughing and singing and very, very happy. She told Mommy much later on. Mrs. Ivey knew me and we were together, the three of us, when I was with Mommy a few times, when they were together.

Not long after I left, and the strange things began to happen, Mommy had a dream. It was during the night. She was dreaming, but the dream was like awakening.

Mommy and I were together in Mrs. Ivey's apartment. It was very real and she was seeing very clearly.

I was seated in a chair that was an antique mellow kind of chair with spindle legs. There was a light shining from way up high on the wall and I was sitting in the chair, holding a blue goblet, and the goblet was shining very brilliantly. The blue was so tremendously bright that Mommy asked me about it.

I said, "Mommy, this beautiful blue glass.....look at it carefully.....this is the beginning of everything wonderful and beautiful for you."

Mommy knew I was really there because it was all so real and she saw the furniture and everything there so clearly.

The next morning Mommy wrote a letter to Mrs. Ivey. She couldn't keep the dream to herself. She told her the dream and my being there with her, and about the furniture and the blue goblet and the light shining from the wall near the ceiling.

Mrs. Ivey was very surprised because Mommy had never ever been to her apartment and she had described a chair in her apartment, the one I was sitting on, and she had described the china closet. And the light from the windows, little transom windows, was coming from 'way up high. They were sort of attic windows through which the light just streamed down.

She asked Mommy to come to her place to have lunch with her soon after that. She was a little afraid for her to come but she wanted her to. She was afraid because she didn't know how shocked Mommy might be when she got there. The Episcopal Church Emmanuel is just one block away from the building, on Cathedral and Read. The apartment is on Cathedral and Madison at the corner, and the little top windows look out on the tower of Emmanuel Church. This is important to remember.

Mommy climbed up the three flights of stairs and walked in and there she had been before, with me, in her dream.

She felt very, very happy but very, very mystified. They had lunch and Mommy suddenly felt she wanted to write.

She walked over to a bookcase and started to look through the books.....this was just a few weeks after I had gone away from her.....and she saw a little book. It was Ralph Waldo Emerson's Birthday Book and she opened it to a page and there it said "March the second" — that was my birthday.

And there was a little poem there that Emerson had written:

The world rolls 'round
Mistrust it not
Befalls again what once befell
All things return,
Both sphere and mote
And I shall hear my bluebird's note
And dream the dream of Auburn Dell.

You see, a few days before then, Mommy and Daddy had driven to the cemetery and they drove up to the top of the hill where there is a memorial park where there aren't any tombstones.

I had told Mommy lots of times, "I like a cemetery that looks like a park because then you don't think about death; you think about life and beauty".

There is a beautiful plaque and it says, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures".

"Linda Suzanne Wasserman
Born March 2, 1942
Died November 16, 1950

There is a beautiful rose next to my name. I love roses very much.

The day they drove there, as they came to the top of the hill, there were bluebirds, hundreds and hundreds of bluebirds, circling around the place where my name is. After a little while they flew away. They have never been there since.

Mommy picked up another book after awhile. It was Shelley's poetry. She found his "Ode to the West Wind". She felt very close to me as she read it. Suddenly, she decided to start writing a play with me in it, with music and poetry, carrying on our ideas together for the radio program to help other children like to learn about beautiful music and poetry and all about God.

That was really the beginning for Mommy of many wonderful things. She made a little ceramic tray for Mrs. Ivey with a bluebird on it to bring her happiness, too. For the new writing led to her taking a trip all the way to California in the summer of 1951, and she was happy.

She got to work on the program. She decided to write to Mr. John Charles Thomas to ask permission to use his recording of "The Lord's Prayer" as the ending for the program and she told about her idea.

One day she found in the mailbox a catalog from the Music Academy of the West. Mr. Thomas had just been made the new director. Next she received a letter from the secretary telling her she could apply for a scholarship at the Music Academy. She mailed the records made from the program to Mr. Thomas and then he wrote her a letter giving her the scholarship. She sang a few little songs on the records. Mr. Thomas wanted to help her.

She was very happy about it, but she couldn't decide whether she should go. There was someone who helped her to decide to make the trip to Santa Barbara.

The girl, Laura, met Mommy around the time this happened. Laura was about twenty-one years old and she liked to have fun and see people dress up and be gay.

They met each other because one day Mommy went to call for her books on the history of making chinaware that she had loaned a friend who had ceramics, too. The friend lived near a drugstore in downtown Baltimore, near the Washington Monument and Walters Art Gallery and the Peabody Conservatory of Music.

The woman, who was supposed to be home waiting had gone out unexpectedly, and Mommy left her a note saying she'd be back, and wrote her name - Mrs. Ian Ross MacFarlane - on it.

She walked over to the drugstore and had a coke, and then she decided to sit down at the table where a girl sat with an older woman.

They had just come from a church. The girl was talking about the color of the vestments of the priest. Mommy was particularly interested in the colors used in churches, and the meaning of the colors in the churches, because of something wonderful and tremendous that happened to her after I left her, a few months later

Mommy had a vision that was close to God and she thought about it all the time. The girl in the drugstore started talking about a vision she had in November, 1950, when she had been sort of half awake and half asleep, and smiling.

Her sisters couldn't waken her. She dreamed she was in a church, the St. Alphonsus Church on Park Avenue and Saratoga Streets, and an angel in the radiant chapel glistening with light beckoned to her to come to the altar. She was afraid. She didn't want to go. That part of the church is to the right of the altar. It's the Purgatory Chapel.

Finally, she went and the angel said to her, "Do you see this woman standing here?"

The angel pointed to a beautiful woman in a lovely, white satin wedding gown, holding her arm bent for the arm of a man who was not there.

The angel said, "Say these fifteen prayers for this woman and you will receive great graces in heaven."

Laura said the prayers but she didn't know why it was, or why it happened, and nothing had ever happened to explain it, - nothing at all.

Then Mommy told her about her dream, her vision of the angels, and Mommy and Laura became very good friends.

Laura liked to walk in Mount Vernon Square and all day she had wanted to take a walk there but she didn't have anyone to walk with and there Mommy was, the answer to her prayer.

They took a walk in Mount Vernon Square and looked at the pigeons and talked and wandered around. Mommy told her all about me.

Suddenly the scholarship at the Academy came about. Mommy couldn't decide if she should go. It was going to be a big expense and she didn't want to ask for any help and she knew she'd have to if she went.

Laura was eager for her to take advantage of it. She felt Mommy was really supposed to go.

Laura decided, too, to have eternal prayers said for me. She is Catholic. Catholics give lots of money to the church to be used in different ways.

She wanted to give some money to the church and have masses and prayers said for me. So she took Mommy over to the Catholic Church 'way out in West Baltimore. It is a monastery called St. Joseph's Passionist Fathers.

There is a chapel next to the monastery, an old church. After Laura gave the contribution of her money she worked hard for, Mommy was given a certificate of eternal prayers being said by the fathers for me.

Then Laura said, "If Linda doesn't need those prayers, she can give them to someone else who will. Let's go into the church right by us here."

They went in together, through the chapel into the church. Laura took holy water and blessed herself with it. She told Mommy to do it. Mommy did, but not very seriously..... She didn't do a very good job, because she kept thinking, "I wonder if there are any germs in this holy water: all these people are dipping their fingers in here, and after all, all those fingers being dipped in there, you know there must be lots of colds and things to be gotten from it."

She knew she really shouldn't be thinking that, but she was, anyhow. They said some prayers and came out into the little place that held the holy water font.

They stood between the font and the racks of periodicals. Laura picked one up. In it was a story about Pope Pius X and the story was about his trip. He had to borrow money, he had to pawn everything he had, but he made this trip that ended in his becoming Pope Pius X.

He was a wonderful man whose name had been Sarto, and he was a tailor. He loved children very, very much and he is called the Children's Pope.

He was always in debt because he always gave everything he had to others, or to anybody who needed his help.

Laura was reading this paragraph, and they were standing right near the holy basin where the water was kept.

While she was reading about the fact the Pope had to borrow money to make the trip, water was suddenly sprinkled all over Mommy. She stepped back and, looking up at the ceiling, wondered where the water could be coming from.

She called the sexton. She said, "Sexton, the ceiling must be leaking!" He said, "It can't be, because the organ's up above." Mommy said, "Well, it must be my imagination."

Then Laura went on to the end of the paragraph and suddenly she too was sprinkled with water, and she looked all around her and she couldn't believe it..... she couldn't understand it.

In this particular church, the holy water is kept in the vestibule rather than inside. It's a very old church.

Laura hadn't paid any attention when Mommy felt the water. But she herself felt it on the back of her right hand and wrist. It was a light sprinkle of water. She jumped and said, "Eleanor, did you feel water just then?" Eleanor said, "Yes, I did, on my forehead and on my wrist."

Laura said, "Oh, well, that's nothing!"

Then she was sprinkled again on her right hand and wrist. Then she believed something very mystical had happened. She said to Mommy, "We were both sprinkled very much like when the priest takes the silver thing and blesses with holy water. I thought at first Eleanor, you had doused yourself with the holy water."

Well, since this was one of Mommy's first real visits to churches, she didn't know anything at all about what happens in

churches. So she listened.

Next, she decided to borrow the money to take the trip. After this she decided that she had to be baptized before she went. She couldn't take any chances on not joining me, if she left everybody, too.

So all these things she decided to do because of Laura's giving the $5.00 gift for me, to the church.

At the same time, she began to want to give as much as she could to churches, because they all work for God, and for helping people.

She started out with a gift from me. When we moved to the house in Towson, I helped carry all the magazines and newspapers into the basement. We stacked them all together.

She and Daddy heard a choir concert at the Faith Presbyterian Church one night, just by chance. In their program they asked for papers to sell to help build their new church on Loch Raven Boulevard. The Reverend Mr. Jackson was the minister. The new church is near Woodbourne Avenue.

She called them the next day. They came to get the papers. Whenever she rode past the new church, later, she thought, "My papers must have bought a brick or two."

Mommy thinks we should help all the churches, for the money given to a church becomes holy and blessed. Churches are a sanctuary to worship God and love God. They should all be our best happy places, and invite everybody to come in and pray with love, forgetting everything except our Father Who art in heaven, and be thinking always about God first.

Mommy was very glad the church helped her decide to go to California. She found real happiness again for a little while, in music and in song and in so many beautiful thoughts and so many wonderful people.

But she never stopped thinking about the vision. She wanted to write all about it, just as she had wanted to paint the picture of the vision.

When she left California, she took the Northwest Passage back home. She went to see Aunt Celeste and her children and Uncle Morton.

She stayed with them a week. She told the story to Uncle Morton. He wanted Mommy to write it all down.

He is a psychiatrist and he has a big clinic and a secretary. So Mommy went with him next day to his office. She told the story into a dictaphone and the secretary typed it. It was twenty-two pages.

That was the beginning of this book. Uncle Morton was interested in "extra-sensory perception", something about knowing about things we don't see around us, but Mommy was interested only in getting the story told. She just couldn't keep it to herself. She had to tell it. This is the way she told it, like the way she

talked about it, because she told it into the machine, and a lot of sentences run into each other. Mommy likes to talk a lot but I don't mind it. I like it most of the time.

These are the twenty-two pages:

"Linda became ill in June of 1950. A few weeks before she became desperately ill, she had asked me to find the little book in the set of the miniature "Golden" books that she had loaned to a friend of ours, a woman who had a little girl named Suzie. The woman's name was Louise Miller. Linda suddenly requested that I try to find Mrs. Miller because she wanted those little books very badly. They had been given to her by a friend in Urbana, Illinois, a Miss Foltz, a woman there who took care of children, who had become very fond of Linda and of whom Linda was very fond, and it - the little set - had been given to Linda as a parting gift when we had left Illinois to come to Baltimore to live. She wanted me to find Mrs. Miller and I made an effort to but it seemed that the woman had moved away from the apartment building where Linda and I had been living for a year, and she was not to be found. Later on Mrs. Miller asked to keep the books after hearing about Linda's death so that she could feel close to Linda, but then she didn't know how close! Linda became suddenly terribly ill in June and died in November. I had forgotten completely about the little books because of course, I was with her all the time and there was no question about them again. She seemed to have forgotten. November the 16th she died. She died a beautiful death; she was happy and she went to her rest with a smile on her face and her last words were, "Go rest, Mommy, and smile."

I, of course, was exceedingly distraught and I felt that I couldn't find an answer after the child had been taken away - she was a wonderful child, an only child. I sought many ways, many places, to find some peace, and one day a very good friend of the family, a very good, kind sort of person, Edward T. Norris - who sat at the kitchen table with us. dined there with us as we all sat at the table Linda and I had ordered shortly before her death. The table and three chairs were delivered almost exactly at the moment she died on November 16. Of course we weren't there, we were at the hospital. It was brought back to the house much later on, weeks later.

As Edward ate with us, he told me that he thought it would be good for me to attend an Episcopal Church in the city of Baltimore, where he had been going all of his life; he had been taken there when he was just a little tot by his mother. I decided that it might be a very good thing for me to do and I went to the church on a Sunday morning, and there I prayed very deeply that I would receive some help from God because I desperately needed it to go on living after losing Linda. A few days later, I was taking a little rest in the afternoon at my home lying in the same spot where Linda lay in her last illness, half asleep looking at the top of the tall

oak trees, and I saw suddenly so clearly up above in the sky, I suppose.....I just saw it, like a vision enclosed in a white mist, the top of a church on which were ensculptured all these figures of the Christmas story and around the circle within the white mist were circling many, many white Angels, Angels whose feet were all crossed in exactly the same way. The feet were strong, they looked like our feet, the feet of people like us, people here on earth, but they were extremely strong and well formed; the hands were all folded in prayer; the clothing was exactly all alike; the hair was drawn back in exactly the same way with a sort of a bun at the back of the neck; I couldn't tell what sex they were by their facial expression or form; they all looked the same, and, too, there was a feeling of complete stability, absolute poise, peace, and happiness, of contentment, and reassurance on their faces, especially the one large Angel in the center who stood poised for a little while, looking at me with an expression of complete assurance. I felt that I was smiling, I felt so completely happy that I knew real peace for the first time since I had lost Linda. That Angel suddenly came very close to me - a motion not perceptible in space!

There were certain very striking qualities about these heavenly figures, these Angels, which I as vividly recall now as I did at the moments I saw them. The most precious gift is one that cannot ever perish; said a Scottish poet, George MacDonald, and "If instead of a gem or even a flower we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give."

There was a lastingness, an everlasting unendingness about them. In communicating to me, no words were spoken, but I understood, with another sense, the message they brought. The intellect of the Angel was manifested by the power of projecting thought in this way. It was the one Angel who came closer - moving towards me in a motion (of immobility and transposition at the same time there in space) that we humans cannot have, for instead of my seeing the movement, the Angel was suddenly much, much closer, and bigger - this Angel it was who placed this tremendous healing within me. The warmth of great love during this vision, the communication without spoken words, the force drawing us together into this harmony of love and understanding and strength and the placidity and intensification of a bit of earthly time into a never ending timelessness of creation, so that a new significance is attached to everything little or big; these were the most sharply vivid memories that stay every moment with me. As the constant circling never diminished within the white clouds of mist and no unnecessary motion disturbed their tremendous concentration of movement, they brought their message.

The unvarying uniformity of these Beings was like snowflakes falling heavily through white floods of snow, laden with

heaven-sent whiteness and bulk, but as each snowflake we know is different in its own perfection and intricacy and pattern, each of these Angels had a completeness and unity within itself while being part of an undisturbed harmonious whole, a quiet splendour.

The intensity of this experience stemmed from the heightening of the senses and the use of a sense beyond our known senses and perception. The snowflake and all other small parts of this earthly universe become much more intense, have more meaning, because of this overflow of intensity, understanding and awareness in quiet, of the existence of these spiritual beings.

Their bodily immobility and the gracefulness of their perfect placidity, this lack of needless motion enabled no interference to their ability to project the message. As in an illness our bodies through lack of motion allow our minds to see with much more clarity, it was through this that they centralize their spiritual nature.

Summarizing the qualities most dominant in the vision:-

1. COMMUNICATION

Ability to project message through a sense we don't ordinarily use - no language but a unity of understanding - a union in a different sense than seeing, hearing, speaking.

2. HARMONY

Lack of interference with communication - no motion apparent disturbing the strength and power and stability - poise - lack of any ineffectual motion in concentration of motion in circular movement - no disturbance of simplicity of motion directed to giving message - the actions completely subordinated to constant flow in ordered procession - the movement closer of the Angel in the center did not stop the train of movement of cloud. Particles simply became magnified and closer and then farther away. Not like any motion we ourselves as humans use in our movements through space.

3. INTELLIGENCE

A knowing not striven for, already there - a learning not gradual - but instantaneous - no reasoning, no hesitation or struggling to apprehend - simple apprehension - a truth, a reality - a living vital knowing, not learning.

Next I wanted very badly to put this beautiful vision down on paper so that it would be a remembrance to me of the happiness I had felt during that vision, visitation, or whatever it can be called, and I made a little sketch on a little piece of paper I had around the house and used just a plain, ordinary pencil, but into that picture I put every line and every feature that I could have seen and remem-

bered, as clearly as I possibly could, but I tried so hard I smeared the central angel's face and couldn't get the feet crossed the way they really were. Then I wanted so badly to make a large painting out of it because it was so beautiful I wanted others to see it and I wanted to be able to put it into color, but I was tired and I didn't have any real desire to do anything much. I was worn out from caring for my little girl for months and I just let it go, and then a few days later I was called by the Art Department of Towson High School to substitute. This is the high school in the county where we live. I had been there many times in many departments, but never before in the Art Department or in any other department for more than a day or so at a time, because, of course, the teacher always came back when I got under way and really got the kids to respect me, not throw things at each other, and so forth. So there I was, in the Art Department. I looked around me; there was every material that anyone could possibly need for a fine painting and, too, I had the material for a class in composition because I had the idea and I had the composition design of straight line and circular line, and so forth, and I thought that this was the best way I could possibly teach something in this class easily, by standing up there and showing them how I myself would go about painting a picture. It was quite successful and they did many things. The class itself responded beautifully and I got my painting done. On the last day, when I wanted to put the angels' wings on, I couldn't decide whether I should put white or yellow wings; I saw no yellow in those Angels, I saw only white, but, because I saw yellow wings on a study by Blake, the idea came to me - perhaps I should put yellow wings there instead of white! It was an unspoken thought and I stood there for quite a while thinking about it. Well, finally, I put the white wings there and I took my picture and I left. I went to the Faculty Club of the University where we have dinner quite often and I happened to meet this friend who had sent me to the church. We had our dinner and then I asked this friend to come over to the car to look at the painting and tell me how he liked the way I had painted the church. He came over to the car and I took the painting out, showed it to him, and he just stood there and he looked so mystified and so perplexed that I asked him what was wrong. He finally said, "Why, Eleanor, you've painted the interior of the church exactly as it was more than thirty-five years ago, before the church was completely remodeled." I was mystified then, as he was. That was before I was born! I said, "Do you mean these angels look exactly like the ones that were on the walls over there?" He said, "They were circling around just like that; they were large; and they were..... I don't think the pose was the same, there are certain things not the same... and they were clothed in garments that were tinted." He said, "that is, I think they were; I was a little boy and I can't remember exactly." It mystified me so and amazed me so that when I got home my

eyes seemed to become almost blind from the shock and I went around the house turning on all the lights because I felt so in the dark about the whole thing. Meanwhile, many other incidents had happened all surrounding the little books, the little Golden Books, that Linda had wanted just before she became so ill and the woman who had borrowed the little Golden Books.

Soon after Linda's death, I was told to go out and take regular walks. I didn't want to take walks - I didn't want to do very much of anything - but soon after Linda's death, I had had a very tired, worn out feeling, a desperate sort of feeling of loss and I really didn't want to do anything very much; it was an effort to do anything; and I was having difficulty in breathing because I had a rapidly beating heart that was bothering me and tying me down so that I couldn't seem to get out and take the exercise that I needed, and found out that I did need because I went to a heart specialist in Baltimore who examined me and said, "The thing for you to do is get out and take walks - take little trips and take walks, and some light exercise such as swimming." Well, the advice was excellent; however, I didn't follow it right away, until one day I happened to be driving my mother downtown and she happened to have a want-ad section of the paper lying on the front seat. When she got out to do her errand, I picked it up and started to look at it, and as I looked at it, I saw, "Young lady wanted to do some walking for photographer and to assist in learning the business", and I thought, "How wonderful!" There is the advice Doctor King gave me. I think perhaps I will go in and see this man." It so happened that the place itself was just about four doors away from where my car was parked, so when my mother came back, I asked her if she would stay in the car a few minutes and I'd run up to see about this idea of photography. All I had left of Linda to look at was her pictures, and it meant so much to me that I thought to myself, "It's probably the best way for me to help others;" after all, you never know what is going to happen and those pictures were more valuable to me than anything that existed in the world, because there was Linda. I could look at her and I could feel that she was with me and, yet, of course, she wasn't. Well, I went up to see this photographer, Mr. Lynch. He was a short man, of very slight stature, and he impressed me as being very assiduous on his job and that he would expect a great deal from anyone who did work for him, and I thought, "This is one way of getting out and getting some exercise; I don't know whether it will be just what I had expected", because he told me that the actual job was to get out and just walk, walk, walk, and get these women with new babies to sign up for free pictures. Of course, that appealed to me very much because I thought, "After all, every mother with a new baby has begun to feel the attachment and the desire to retain the memory of each day, and the love and the care that we give to our beloved children", and I thought to give these free pictures to these new mothers was a most

wonderful thing, exactly what I wanted to do. I said, "All right, I'll start out in the morning then." He said, "You start out and I'll find the section", so he turned to a map of Baltimore City and on that map he picked the place where Linda had gone to school. I thought, "That's a funny coincidence, but I'm so glad because I'll be walking in the same area where Linda and I used to walk so much and I'll recall some more of the wonderful memories I have of her." We decided that I would start off in the morning; he gave me the list of places and told me to go ahead and named the streeets, and so forth, where I was to start. It just so happened that it was January 1951, but the weather had suddenly become April weather, or May weather - it was "Springtime in January", and I started out; I shed my coat and hat and walked briskly along; I was so happy because here I was remembering Linda when she was with me, and I was striding along, not burdened by a lot of clothes, and I was doing something that would bring happiness to other people with little children. Along about three or four o'clock I began to drag quite a bit; I was becoming awfully tired; shortly before that I had gone into a home where I saw my Aunt Pearl and Uncle Lou's picture on a table, to my surprise. That was on Wadsworth Way. This was the home of Dr. Eleanor Scott, the daughter-in-law of my aunt and uncle. I had gathered many appointments, but I felt as though, "Oh, my heavens; I don't know how much farther my feet are going to carry me." Well, along about four-thirty, when I was due back in his office at five o'clock, I sort of dragged myself onto the wrong street and suddenly I looked up and, crossing the street, was the woman who had borrowed the little books from Linda. She was just amazed, as I was to see her, and asked me to come in to visit with her for a few moments. I went in to visit her and there I had a tremendous experience. I told her about Linda; she hadn't known; she was terribly hurt and she wept and then she told me, "Eleanor, your child has appeared to me." She said that several days before I came to see her, she had awakened from a terrible sweat from head to foot and she had seen Linda, who had appeared to her in tremendous brilliance, so bright and so shining and clothed in a beautiful light of a soft, rosy color, and she was dancing and laughing and she said, "Go find my Mommy and tell her that I want her"..... No, she didn't say that; she said, "Go find my Mommy, she is terribly upset and you've got to help her." Well, when I heard that, it was just sort of a climax to a day of complete readjustment for me, back in the old places where Linda and I had walked and talked and been happy together, and to hear this--that Linda had appeared to this woman--but the strange thing about it all was that Louise Miller had awakened from this terrible cold sweat holding the little book about the little kittens out of the set of Golden Books, and it was a revelation of some sort to me that she would have been holding the same little book out of the set that Linda so badly wanted before she became very

ill. I felt rather unable to cope with the tremendous happenings at that moment when I was dreadfully tired; I had to get back to the man's office and turn in the appointments for the next morning, so I said, "Louise, I'm so grateful to you, I just feel so completely happy and completely sad at the same time that I'd better say goodbye just now and then see you again soon." So I left and I turned in all my receipts at the Little Folks Studio, and he was glad that I had worked so hard, and so forth, and he wanted me to come back but, when I got home that night, I had a terrible chill because I had gone ahead and shed my coat and hat, and then I came down with the flu right after that, and I was in bed for three weeks and nearly got pneumonia. I never did get back there, never got the money that he was supposed to pay me, but I didn't want the money. I felt that my reward was so tremendous that I didn't want a cent for anything I had done. Just to have heard that brought me happiness which was not to be bought at any price. I had found her - the contact had been made, and she knew where I was living; I knew where she was living, so when the incident about the painting occurred, she was able to get in touch with me. She called me on the telephone the day after this friend and I had realized that the painting was an identical thing from the past and she said to me, "I want you to tell me what man so completely mystified you, or startled you last night, so that you went home and turned on all your lights." I thought for a moment and I was so amazed to think that she had known something that she had no way of knowing about, that I couldn't speak for a moment, and then I realized it. She said, "It was about eight o'clock." She knew the time. She described the man, described him very, very carefully, and I just couldn't understand how she could have known. Well, she went on from that. She said, "I knew that this had happened to you. Last night Linda appeared to me again. She came in the same tremendous brilliance and I awoke from a cold sweat, holding the same little book, and she said to me, "Go find my Mommy again - tell her to go back to the church and look up the history of the church and put yellow wings on the angels." I cried over the 'phone and I was so completely mystified and yet so completely happy at the same time, that I just wept and wept at the release from tension, the terrific tension that was built up while she was telling me this, because the mystery of it was so tremendous. I put yellow wings on the angels and I went back to the church and I talked to the minister, a very fine man who is a sincere person, who gives all the help he can very freely and does it in a very beautiful way, and I said, "I've told you this story and how can I find out what she's trying to tell me, what Linda's trying to do for me? Where is it all leading?" He said, "It's most unusual that your child, so soon after her death, could be doing this for you and could have such tremendous powers for you, but it is most possible. She must be a very strong spirit of some kind. I think

she must have found great happiness." That was what I wanted to hear; I felt such tremendous happiness to hear those words, and he really meant them, too. He really did mean them. And then I thought, "I'm going to try to do everything that I can if in any way it's going to bring her peace and in any way going to bring me the happiness she must want me to have", and I asked Mr. Cox, the minister, "Do you think you could look up the history of this church? Do you have the history of this church?" He said, "We do have certain reports, and so forth, but the church was done over, you see, a certain number of years ago (which corroborated the statement of this friend of mine) and when this church was done over some of the records were misplaced but we do have in our vault a picture of the angels that were painted in the church thirty-five years ago." I said, "May I see it?" He said, "Of course". So they got this picture out of the vault and I saw that there was a great similarity between it and the painting. In the ceiling over the altar there was a round window, brilliant with the light shining through it, as I had seen it in the dream before the visit to Mrs. Ivey's apartment. He said, "But I want to tell you this. I feel that what is meant is that you should go back in the history of the churches maybe two-thousand years." He said, "Any revelation of this kind coming from God to help you means something great - it can't be just one small thing - it can't be just one church - it has to mean something big because it wouldn't have happened otherwise", and he said, "You must go back maybe two-thousand years in the history of the Church and there you will find certain answers to your questions. I can't answer you just now about why you should put yellow wings on the Angels or why the feet of the Angels looked the way they did and why they were crossed in the same way, nor why they were circling in a white mist. It sounds something like Dante - The Circles. - You must go back and study the history of the Church." God had used Linda to bring me back to the church - a sure way to get me there!

I saw His Hand in the evolution of the painting. He had to bring me back to the church! He used different people and many different ways and the placing of the tools in my hand for the painting.

There were many bypaths - Louise, Mr. Lynch, the high school, and the roads I walked - before I found out clearly that I was meant to return to the church! And the second visit had come about. I knew now that next I had to study.

I got started. For the first time at Walters Art Gallery, a course was being offered, beginning in February, by Miss Dorothy Miner, an authority on the medieval, illuminated manuscript, which, of course, takes you back to the beginnings of the Christian church and the history of the Jewish church. Being interested in painting and wanting to learn all about the illustrations of the history of the Church, I was very lucky that she had consented to give this course.

She was starting in a couple of weeks, so I signed up for the course and started to study the history of the Church by studying the medieval illuminated manuscript. And then I started studying the history of the Christian and Jewish churches, and then I found through the assistance of one of the professors, Dr. George Boas of Johns Hopkins University, the references to the use of yellow and other colors in the Church, and yellow, the color of gold, meant always from the very beginning, a direct revelation from God. St. Peter was always clothed in yellow for that reason, and yellow means the goodness of God, and it has many attributes. Then the feet of the angels - in the writings of Pseudo Dionysius, the Areopagite. There are two. One, Dionysius, the Areopagite, was the first convert of St. Paul, Saul of Tarsus, the Jew, who was converted and ordained by Christ to teach the message of the gospel, and traveled all over the places where the message was to be carried, and was one of Jesus' appostles, of course. He is mentioned in Acts 17:34.

The next Areopagite is Pseudo-Dionysius. There are some quotations I found in my digging for material for a paper for Miss Miner on the history of the angels. In just a minute I'll get them out of this little notebook I brought with me and read it. Here they are!

"It was Dionysius who first gave the Church a complete angelology. In his Celestial Hierarchy, he presents an organized angelic world, harmoniously coordinated in a descending ladder from Seraphim to simple angels. We can only offer a brief summary of his treatise here. First, we may say that he considered all the heavenly spirits to be of the same nature, but differing in rank according to their particular order, knowledge, and function. Their purpose in existence is to attain the closest possible likeness to God and be united to Him as closely as possible. Each single order of the heavenly hierarchy profits personally from a purification, illumination, and perfection received from God, which it then communicates to the order below it in due measure. Angelic knowledge comes either directly from God or through an infused vision that is in accord with their rank in the hierarchy and their closeness to God. They know divine truth before men, since it is they who bear it to man. They communicated divine revelations to us through the Patriarchs, through Moses, the Prophets, Zachary, Mary, Joseph, and the Shepherds. All the members of the heavenly orders are messengers by nature, but only the archangels and angels are properly so called - ad extra; ad intra-, among themselves, all the orders are messengers handing down to one another divine illuminations.

The number of angels surpasses all our conceptions; it is known only by God. There are nine orders of angels, joined together as links in a chain. Each order has a name denoting the functions of its members. Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones; Dominations, Powers, Virtues; Principalities, Archangels, Angels.

The nine choirs are divided into three hierarchies of three orders each, from the Seraphim, closest to God, down to the Angels, closest to men. Dionysius makes no mention of individual Guardian Angels, but does say that each nation has a particular angel presiding over it to guide it in following out the course of God's Providence. The care of the Jewish nation has been assigned to the Archangel Michael. Besides possessing their proper perfections, each order has those of the orders inferior to it, but the opposite is not true. Dionysius presupposes the absolute spirituality of the angels as intelligent, intelligible, simple beings without the least material quality of figure. The closing chapter tells us that the corporeal terms applied to the angels in Scripture are only accommodations made to sensible men. Elsewhere it is said that the angels were created in eternity, men in time. Angels are the measure of eternity (since they are closest to it), and men of time."

That's all I copied but it helped me understand about the orders of angels. The angels are also described as circling around the throne of God at the highest..... circling around above at the highest point above the throne of God is the group of angels called the Seraphim; the lowest group of angels, the ones that are the nearest to us on earth, are called "the angels", and they are the direct messengers to us from God. They are described by Dionysius, as encircling continously in tremendous placidity and stability, and a white mist always surrounded them, circling continually around the throne of God, and the various spheres, of course, circle around just in the way they're supposed to be in the Hierarchy - like a ladder, sprt of like a Jacob's ladder where the top angels are nearest to God and the lowest are nearest to us, and it is somewhat like the Old Testament of the Jewish Shechinah where, in this complete absorption in the mysteries of the celestial holiness, the Jew forgets everything except the mystery and the tremendous wonder of the throne and the various powers and dominations of powers through which the message of God descends from the throne of God down to us. Then there is, too, the idea of God's removal from us perhaps seven heavens away. With the fall of man, the sin of Adam, He removed himself one heaven away and each time that man has sinned since the beginning, He has removed himself another heaven away, until now He is seven heavens away from us, and, through this seven, this celestial hierarchy, this must come to us, you see, through various messengers, the lowest being the angel, the direct messenger to us. And the explanation of the feet being so strong, so beautifully formed, wonderfully poised and almost, oh, just tremendously powerful-looking, tremendously graceful-looking, and yet like our feet, except that no one on earth has feet with quite the same proportion of strength, and in this there is a reference to the fact that angels' feet are so important because they must be very strong to be busy on the divine errands constantly. And then the whole mat-

ter seemed to be coming into the foreground as a sort of pattern, a pattern of learning, a pattern of assurance, and a pattern of living that I was to follow because everything that had happened has been for good, to help, and, lets see.....I was so busy with all of this research I was doing, so engrossed in it all, that I wasn't surprised when one day, when I was sitting in the library stacks at Hopkins, completely lost in the study of the angels, I suddenly became terrifically hungry for a piece of candy. I wanted that candy the way I've never wanted a piece of candy - the way I wanted it that day - two minutes later over came a rabbi, Rabbi Martin Kessler from Chambersburg, Pa., to me, with a skull cap on his head, and he handed me a bar of candy. He said, "I just want you to have the candy." I was so amazed by the fact that all I had to do was to want candy to have it come to me that I thought, "Good heavens, what is this?!" I forgot all about the candy and then I realized that here was a man who could tell me where to find every reference to the angel in the Old Testament. I was following through, I have all of those records and am following through to get it all completely organized, the history of the angel in the Old and New Testaments. So he brought a Concordance over to me and he translated the Hebrew for me and, by the time he got through thought. "This is worth far more to me than a piece of candy", and I knew when he came over and offered me that candy there must be something else besides just candy - things like this just don't happen every day. I was very happy to have all the references to the angel and I incorporated that in the paper that I gave to Miss Miner at the end of the term. She read the paper and she told me there was so much work in the paper that I was "wallowing in this up to your ears", and I'd have to read it over when I'd cooled off a little bit and pick out the part I most wanted to work on. Well, meanwhile a lot of other things had been happening.

I had been working on an educational program for radio combining music and poetry and I had to get it ready for May 14, when I was to put it on for a group of people at the Stafford Hotel in Baltimore. This had been arranged for by my friend Betty, almost a year before. A week beforehand, I got dreadfully distraught because I had to get a record, a sound effects record, which had the sound of the wind on it, and I couldn't get it in Baltimore, and it was getting awfully late and I didn't know how I could get it from New York in time. That evening my brother-in-law Bernard, who lives in Washington, called me up and said, "How would you like to go to New York, all expenses paid, with Dot? Go for three days and have a wonderful time and I'll make all the arrangements for the trip tomorrow, when I go to New York. I won't take no for an answer, you're absolutely going!"

"Well", I thought, "How wonderful!" Another amazing thing - I really wanted that record so badly and was so worried about it, and here, suddenly, appears my chance to go to New York. So I went

to New York and got the record, and had a very, very wonderful time, and then, when I came back, I put the program on, but, previous to that..... the real reason I'm telling all this is that there is a tie-up with another family of a policeman who had taken Linda across the street every day, who always had a smile for Linda, and she always had a smile for him. But I didn't know how fond he was of her until after he was run over and killed by an automobile in front of his church, the Roland Park Presbyterian, six weeks after Linda's death, near the same school where he had helped her across the street. I visited the family; there was a lot of publicity about what had happened; everybody wanted to help them. I took a lot of things over when I called on them. The child who opened the door was the eldest child of this patrolman, Roland Morgan. He had been a wonderful father, a kind husband, and was deeply beloved. It was a terrible tragedy to that family. I felt very close to them, closer still when, after I'd been in there for an hour they told me that at Linda's death he had come home to them with tears and told them he felt so horrible because a little child that he dearly loved had died and that he had wanted his children to know Linda. They told me all these things and while I was working on this program, I had rewritten it in the form of a little play; there's lots of music and poetry in it and I needed a little child who would take the part of Linda in the story, and this child, Dorothy Morgan, a lovely, alert girl, very beautiful, with blue eyes and blonde hair, very deeply upset, however, at her father's death, and needing help very badly, was just the child, I felt, for the part. We became very good friends and I loved her very much and she loved me very much; we helped each other a great deal through our terrible grief and she did quite well on the program and all these several weeks when she and I were working together and having fun together, I wanted so badly to go into Linda's room and go into her closet and take out a doll, a storybook doll, all dressed in lace, in a white box with blue circles on it; I couldn't bring myself to go into that closet, I couldn't bring myself to take away anything there; there was the feeling that Linda was there, though, of course, she wasn't, but we hold onto things for awhile, and, at the same time, I wanted so badly to go in and take that box out of there, give that doll to that child, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. Suddenly Mrs. Miller called me; she had found me at my mother's home. She'd been trying to get in touch with me for hours and hours and had tried to get me at my home and I wasn't there, and she finally reached me at my mother's home. She said, "Eleanor, Linda has appeared to me for the third time. I again was holding the same little book - I awoke in a terrible sweat - I saw Linda dancing and laughing, so gay, and she was saying, "You silly, weak, pretty, funny, lovely Mommy - dearest Mommy - take the box!" She saw my hand, only, stretched out, taking this box, a white box with blue dots on it, the identical box - and Linda handing me the box so gleefully. That was the beginning of my release from this bond of trying to hold onto the things

that were no longer Linda's; she didn't want them, she wanted other children to have them and be happy with them. And it was a wonderful help to me. I dashed home lickity-split - I ran into the closet - I grabbed that box - and I took it over to that child's house so fast.....and she was very happy to have the doll and the whole episode was really a wonderful help to me."

That was the story just as Mommy told it.

Mommy's stronger now and I think she's been helped enough so that she can really help others now. She teaches other little children and she gives them a feeling that God loves them and He wants to make them happy if they will do good and please Him. That's the whole secret of being happy and useful.

She was teaching a boy who the principal said changed his whole personality in the five months Mommy worked with him. He stopped causing all kinds of interruptions and got so quiet the teacher didn't know he was there, and he studied hard all the time. Next Mommy taught Nancy.

Nancy went with Mommy to see a sun dial. It's a very unusual one, because it is on a house, in the middle of it, near the roof. It is a big sun dial and you can tell the time very clearly on it when the sun is shining. It's at 622 Deepdene Road, right near my school, Roland Park Public School, #233.

It was 1:30 when Mommy and Nancy and Nancy's friend, Jimmy, got there and the sun was shining. Mommy sat and looked at it and she remembered how much we loved the house and the front door that had two parts to it, when the bottom one was closed, I looked at her out of the top open one and waved to her when we went to see the house. I sat on the benches on the little porch and I was very happy there. I could be very near my little friends and my school.

Lots of times, Mommy and I went to the Maryland Academy of Sciences on Thursday night to see movies about paper making and fish and all kinds of interesting things. We looked through a telescope at the moon and the planets and the Milky Way. I learned there that the Egyptians made the first sun dial. So when I saw the house I liked it for so many reasons.

Mommy remembered, and then she thought, "1:35, the moment when Linda died, and this is the first time since her death I've come back here!

We didn't get the house because Daddy wasn't able to make the arrangements about it with the Veterans' Administration. They didn't approve of it because it was near a railroad, the old Ma and Pa, Maryland and Pennsylvania Railroad.

My school was a big school with high school children, too. We had such good times there - Valerie Ash, and Gary, and Ronny, and Joan Cromwell, and Albert, and Stevie Albridge, and all the other kids. I loved it there, and my teachers and principal, too. Mommy decided to put a memorial there for me. With the money I

saved, $55.00, she bought a beautiful painting of a little girl in a red dress holding a white kitten, called "Chums", by Jane Freeman. Jane Freeman was born in England in 1883. She studied painting in Paris and later lived in New York.

My name was put on a gold plaque, and it said I gave the picture. Mommy decided that the children in my class would like the little girl with the kitten and she was right.

The day she and Daddy gave it to the school, the children sat in a circle and they asked all kinds of questions about the picture. There were big hollyhocks and the sun setting and lots of color and things to find. They wanted to know why she held the kitten by the front legs and let it hang down. Mommy said, "That's how lots of little girls carry kittens!"

She knew one who carried a kitten like that - me! Just before I got sick, I was given a gray kitten by a lady on a farm in Fork, Maryland, who had nursery plants. It was Stony Batter Nursery. I called the kitten Lucifer, after a cat in a story. I always carried Lucifer by his top front legs with my arms around his chest and he hung down.

Mommy and I saw some little holly plants at the nursery. She brought two to plant them on Providence Road. But they didn't live, so when she went to Seattle and saw the tremendous green and white holly trees with red berries, she feasted her eyes on them. They were beautiful! After the trip to California and to Seattle, Mommy felt better because she doesn't always wake up with tears in the morning, missing me when she wakes, gasping for her breath.

Mommy prays a lot and a long time ago, when I told her about God, the first story she told me about the Bible was Noah's Ark, and when Granddaddy Franklin gave me the blue ark with the ladder and all the animals and Noah and his family and the dove, I knew he liked to pray, too.

At Christmas time in 1952, Mommy went to a cocktail party, and then she really needed to ask God for help, because a man who was drunk walked up to her and said something to her that was worse than hitting her.

Mommy saw a beautiful book about angels in the house. It belonged to the friend who gave the party. It was written in French and it was called "Anges" There were pictures of angels that were painted a long time ago, and some that were painted not so very long ago. When Mommy saw the book, she was so happy, and talked to the people about the beautiful paintings and the description.

This man, who has a little living girl, walked up to my Mommy and said, "Put that book down! Forget all about angels! Forget all about Linda! Don't ever think about her anymore! Don't talk about her!"

She couldn't answer him for a little while, then she said

as quietly as she could, "I don't think I'm supposed to forget about Linda."

When he said, "Yes, you are! Just be an average American citizen and think only about the things you do every day, not God, not about angels, or heaven, or anything but everyday, normal things!", Mommy just looked at him, because she wouldn't speak any further and let people know how badly she was hurt. She always taught me to be brave, and smile when things went wrong!

For three days, Mommy was very sick, because she couldn't understand anyone being so cruel and thoughtless. Then she started going to churches everywhere and praying as hard as she could. She didn't think she was wrong to be happy when she saw the book on angels and to talk about them. After she felt better, she thought about the book, a big book with a blue cover, and she wanted it. She knew it came from France, so she didn't think she could ever have it, but the more she thought about it, the more she felt the book would help her. But she never talked about it to anybody.

A few weeks later, it was Mommy's birthday, January 31st. She was home one day resting in the afternoon. When she heard the outer front door slam and heard something drop, she went to the door in time to see a mail truck disappear.

She opened the door and saw a large package. It was heavy and she sat down to open it. As the wrappings came away, she saw "Anges". The book had been sent by Aunt Celeste, Mommy's sister, from Seattle, Washington.

Mommy couldn't understand how Aunt Celeste could have found the book and she was so grateful for her sending it. Of course, Aunt Celeste is very beautiful and very clever, but that couldn't explain the funny coincidence. She used the book so much when she started writing the book on the angels, for next Christmas, that she decided she was just supposed to have it! So the man was all wrong! So it seems the prayers helped Mommy and she prayed for the man, too, for God to show him how he mustn't forget Him, and she decided it was all a test of how much she herself believed.

And, of course, it proved I don't want Mommy to forget me. I want her to remember me and keep on loving me, the way I remember her and try to help her. Our prayers help each other.

Another time, and this was the time that really proved to Mommy we must forgive our enemies and pray for them, was when Mommy was made to leave a job in a flower shop where she was very happy, because a woman came in to work who was much older and wanted to rule her.

Every time Mommy let a child come in to talk a while or made up original designs of her own, or tried to please a customer, the minute she was alone in the shop with the woman designer, she started arguing and finding fault with Mommy, and telling her what to do, and it was mostly that the woman wanted to get rid of her by sending her out of the way, down to the basement, out to the backyard,

etc. . . . . and Mommy ordered Christmas cards for the store from a crippled man who came around, but the woman didn't want cards except from a "firm of her own choice".

After a while Mommy told her what she thought of her mean actions and decided to leave, since there wasn't any business after a while and there wasn't enough for two people to do.

But she didn't want to leave and it made her unhappy, for she was with lots of children there and she loved the plants and flowers.

She couldn't forget the woman's unkindness and it made her a little bitter against people, because she thought the woman was wrong. One day she walked past the Catholic Church, St. Alphonsus, and decided to go in to pray. As she walked in, she stood to read a pamphlet, and when she looked up, there stood the woman!

All of a sudden she knew she was supposed to see her, and their paths were to cross. So she spoke pleasantly to her and knelt at the cross to pray, while the woman stood there.

Mommy was praying to God to forgive the woman for what she did and she was also praying for strength to forgive all her enemies and not hold malice. The woman didn't know what Mommy was praying. I wonder what she'd say if she knew? She was standing right next to her. When people wrong us, we must ask God to help us forgive them and ask God to forgive them, and we must try not to give these people a chance to sin again, for it is best to leave than to fight. Everytime we fight, unless it is for God, we go against God, for we release sin, so Mommy says. If we fight for what is good and right, that's all right.

The job in the flower shop began and ended with Mommy's prayers. All the things she does happen like that. It was there that she thought about writing this book seriously and even typed a little bit on the typewriter.

She went to the church in Catonsville on November 16, one year after I left her, where she had been sprinkled, to pray for me and help in answering the ad for the job because she really wanted to work with flowers. We both love them so!

After she left the church, she got the job immediately, after she left the job, she found peace immediately in church! It started with prayer and ended with prayer.

Mommy learned something else while working in the flower shop. She had seen a beautiful bamboo bird cage with a yellow stuffed canary bird in it, with the number 25 banded on its leg. She decided to buy it and make a tray filled with plants in it, and sell it as an original design.

A lady called up for a little wicker bird cage filled with plants and Mommy couldn't order one from the wholesalers, because they didn't have any just then. So she took the one she made out to the lady's house to deliver it.

It was too big for the space she wanted to fill, so she and Mommy had a little conversation, only two hours, instead. The lady was ill and home from work. Her husband had died from cancer months before, and she thought about him all the time.

Mommy told her about me and they talked about life and death and the lady said, "In Christian Science, we think of death as a moment of transition, just an instant, when the soul leaves the body and enters the eternal and life on the other side of the veil."

Mommy was very, very interested in this idea of the lady's and she told her of what happened about the angels. She forgot all about the bamboo bird cage until she walked out the door, when they had stopped talking. Then she went back to get it and took it back to sell it later on to a friend who loved the original design.

Another time, she had to take some plants to an address that was very hard to find. She got lost on a little road, Parkway Road, and ended up at a little quaint house. She knocked at the door and, as she did, she saw the most tremendous praying mantis in front of her. Then she looked around and there were dozens and dozens, all praying mantis.

The neat little old lady answered the knock and gave Mommy directions. Then, in answer to the question, she said, "Oh, these praying mantis are always around here. They live around here."

Mommy said, "It must be wonderful to see such beautiful green creatures who never forget to pray. It would be hard to forget to pray when they're around. It's like having a moving, living, green church around you!" The lady agreed, and Mommy left.

I remembered the time in the hospital when Daddy asked me, "Linda, do you know how to pray?" I looked at him, amazed. "Why, don't be silly! Of course I do. Mommy and I have always prayed together!"

Then there was our little praying pixie. He's ceramic, not alive like the praying mantis, but he prays all the time, too. And, of course, he really does just fold hands for prayer, not like the mantis who prays and then grabs everything around it and eats it up.

Mommy read about the mantis later and it reminds her that sometimes what looks like real prayer isn't really - but only God can know that!

J. Henri Fabre, a French Naturalist studied the Praying Mantis and this is what he wrote:

"A word on the Praying Mantis, or, as they say in Provence, le Prego Dieu, the "Pray-to-God". Her long, pale-green wings, like spreading veils, her head raised heaven-wards, her folded arms, crossed upon her breast, are in fact a sort of travesty of a nun in ecstasy. And yet she is a ferocious creature, loving carnage.

"Even in the time of the Greeks the insect was called the divine, the prophet. The tiller of the soil is not particular about

analogies: where points of resemblance are not too clear, he will make up for their deficiencies. He saw on the sun-scorched herbage an insect of imposing appearance, drawn up majestically in a half-erect posture. He noticed its gossamer wings, broad and green, trailing like long veils of finest lawn; he saw its fore-legs, its arms so to speak, raised to the sky in a gesture of invocation. That was enough; popular imagination did the rest; and behold the bushes from ancient times stocked with Delphic priestesses, with nuns in orison.

"Good people, with your childish simplicity, how great was your mistake! Those sanctimonious airs are a mask for Satanic habits; those arms folded in prayer are cut-throat weapons: they tell no beads, they slay whatever passes within range. Forming an exception which one would never have suspected in the harbivorous order of the Orthoptera, the Mantis feeds exclusively on living prey. She is the tigress of the peaceable entomological tribes, the ogress in ambush who levies a tribute of fresh meat. Picture her with sufficient strength; and her carnivorous appetites, combined with her traps of horrible perfection, would make her the terror of the country-side. The Prego-Dieu would become a devilish vampire."

When we bought the evergreens to put in front of the house and in the woods in back, the man gave me a little bowl of plants. I wanted to put a little figure in there, so we went to a flower shop and Mommy and I picked a little pixie kneeling down with his hands folded in prayer.

We put him in his little home in the bowl and set him on the kitchen window sill, so we could see him every morning.

On October 13, on Friday, two days before Mommy's wedding anniversary, she was making tea for me while I lay in the bedroom. She looked over at the pixie, and she let out a little scream. The pixie had turned red on his cheeks and the tips of his ears and on the top of his hands, folded in prayer. The red was so crimson, it was like blood. He looked very pretty with the red cheeks and red-tipped ears and red knuckles, as though he was praying out in the frost and the frost had nipped him as though Jack Frost had painted him.

Mommy could never understand how he could have suddenly become so beautifully tinted. The color gradually deepened from a deep crimson to the very deepest blood-red in three days' time, on October 15, Sunday, and then stayed like that. She wrote to the company, who wrote her a letter about splotches that had formed "in a few isolated cases" in their pixies faces, but the color on our pixie was not splotched, but very evenly placed, as natural as can be, and the hands were deep blood-red where they were clasped in prayer as tho' they were being wrung hard.

When I went back for the last time at Hallowe'en time, the end of October, we took our little pixie with us. I held him to re-

mind me to pray and Mommy called me "Little Lamb of God."

Mommy never gives up! When the red ambulance, #1, came to the house, I was put on a stretcher with my own blue blanket. We got into the ambulance and we rode on East Joppa Rd. from Providence Rd., then to the hospital, down Charles St. Mommy told me I could tell my friends in school all about the ride in the new red ambulance. She and I both knew that we really wouldn't come that way together again. It was our last trip - with each other here.

She said, "Your eyes are so beautiful and clear, Lin - we've driven this way so many times." She was thinking, "Dear God, watch over her. Keep her very close to you. Don't let her be afraid."

When we got to the hospital, I lay on the bed while Mommy sat up all night and patted my arms and smoothed my sheets. I was in the ward with the other children, before we moved into our last room together. It was Hallowe'en the next day and Mommy sent for the party things we bought from the Harford Road two weeks before, because she wanted me not to think about how much I hurt all over but about the fun we'd always had on Hallowe'en.

Every Hallowe'en I had a party, no matter what happened. The first one in 1948, in Baltimore, we had at the apartment building, The Chadford, where we lived for almost a year. I had two teen-age friends there - Pat and Barbara - who sometimes stayed with me. I liked it there because I could ride the bus to and from my school just several blocks away. It stopped right at the door of my apartment and right in front of my school. The party was very small but we had fun anyway. Albert and Lynn came, and we played games and ate ice cream.

The next Hallowe'en, in 1949, Mommy was moving into the house but she had a beautiful party for me at Delvales's, on Roland Avenue. We had funny ices and all kinds of Hallowe'en molds, pumpkins and stars and candy, and there were lots of girls with very pretty costumes. I was a shepherdess. Afterwards, we went to the Hallowe'en parade in front of my school and Mommy watched all of us parade up and down. One little girl, Karen, disappeared and Mommy worried about her and made us look for her. We finally found her and then the party was over.

On my last party, October 1950, I couldn't move or talk, but I could watch the children as Mommy set a Hollowe'en table for them. Many of the sick children could enjoy the party and I was glad to watch them. Mommy kept coming over to me and saying, "Linda, Linda, I love you, I love you." She wanted me to know how sorry she was that I couldn't have fun like I used to. But she knew I'd like to watch the others because they were sick, too, and wanted fun.

A few weeks before, one day, I felt better, and Mommy took me riding. She went along the Harford Road so I could see

the school children and she stopped in a little gift shop to buy me Halloween things. She bought a mask and a set of willow ware play dishes and lots of other things, and a pair of silly crosseyed glasses to hide in for a joke.

But while she was in there, the lady asked why she was in such a rush and Mommy said her sick child was waiting. The lady asked what was wrong and Mommy told her. The lady said there was no cure for it and told her about a man who died from it. So Mommy suddenly felt terribly choked up and breathless, and terribly, terribly afraid and she couldn't walk out of the store, she was so shocked. But she pulled herself together and called my nurse, Mrs. Thomas, who lived near there and chatted with her a minute. Then she was able to pay the lady and leave.

She didn't tell me why she took so long and I felt very sick while I waited for her. She made me lie out on the back seat and parked the car so she could help me. A policeman came along and told her she couldn't park there, but Mommy told him I was sick and he was very, very nice. He wanted to help but Mommy thanked him and said I had to be very quiet, for a while, then I'd feel better. We were in front of a church and school at Gibbons Ave., St. Dominic's, on the Harford Road. The children came out laughing and running.

The policeman went on, and after a while we did, too. I felt better and Mommy started driving home the way we always came. We went past the restaurant where Mommy and I once had sandwiches, and an old man, very tall, with white hair, had come in with a friend. They sat several tables away, and there wasn't anyone else there, except the man who owned the restaurant, Mr. Dubner.

As we got up to leave, the old man looked at me and asked me my name. Then he said, "I've seen many children, but she looks more heavenly than any of them. Sit down a minute!"

Mommy sat down because she saw that the white haired man was thinking something wonderful. He told us about a radio program he heard the night before. It was called "The Portrait of Jennie". Mommy said she had read the book, by Robert Nathan, and the story was a favorite of hers.

An artist, Eben Adams, met a little girl in the park. Jennie's father and mother were "actors and actresses" he was informed. "They're at the Hammerstein Music Hall. They do juggling on a rope." He remembered then that the Hammerstein Music Hall had been torn down 10 years before and he was puzzled. But it was never really explained. All of the time he knew her until she was grown-up, she appeared suddenly and always reappeared after promising to return as she left. They met the last time as she drowned in a storm off the Nantucket Light Ship on September 22nd. She helped him to find faith and to think about God. It made us think about all the mysteries of life. Mommy saw the movie, too.

The little girl in it lived when the Titanic sank with her parents aboard. But she came back later on in the life of the artist and grew up again to girlhood. The man in the story, the artist, first saw her as a little girl, skating in an old-fashioned velvet skating costume with white fur around the collar and cuffs. He asked her who she was and she said, "I come when the wind blows. Where I come from, nobody knows." She never told him where she lived, only when she'd come to visit him. She came to see him and then she'd leave, just disappear! As she grew up in her little visits, he painted her portrait, as though he were under a spell. The last time he saw her, she told him she loved him and then he didn't see her again. Jennie had always told him she'd come back when she could, and the last time she wept and said good-bye, and she finished the verse. "And where I'm going everything goes. The wind blows, the sea flows and God knows."

He found a clipping telling about a young lady, with her name, who had drowned along the New England coast. He went up there to find out and he saw her drowning and calling to him, and a green scarf floating around her. He tried to save her but she was gone. When he was washed ashore, sick but alive, he held a green scarf. And he had the portrait.

"Was it really Jennie? Did the scarf really belong to her? What had happened to time?", he asked himself.

The man, who told us his name was Mr. Wilkinson, said that the whole story left us with one question. Did the man it happened to really believe it? His friends believed it, but he wasn't really sure it happened.

Mommy said she didn't think about the story like that. She thought it was a story to make us think about what we don't really know.

Then we got up to go. He stood up and bowed, and he said, "I will never forget you two young ladies. You will be a dream to me." We thanked him and when we left we talked about the way people we met always wanted to know more about us. Mommy said it was because I was "Different", much older than I was.

Now Mommy thinks sometimes about my leaving her and how, somehow, Mr. Wilkinson sensed something different in our lives and what would happen to us.

After we left the Harford Road the last time we rode down there together, we went down the next road, Taylor Avenue, in Parkville. That was the way back to the York Road, and Towson, where we lived on Providence Road. The corner where we lived was a cross road to the York Road, Belair Road, Harford Road.

Many times we rode down before that, past a beautiful cemetery that looked like a park. The entrance to the cemetery is on Taylor Avenue between Harford Road and Loch Raven Boulevard. There were flowers all around and once I said to Mommy, "What is that place?" We drove in and it was a cemetery with no

tombstones, only vases with flowers. "Why, Linda, it's a cemetery. The name is Moreland Memorial Park Cemetery." I said to Mommy, "That's the way a cemetery sould be, like a park, so you don't think about death, but life." She stopped talking, and for a long time she was very quiet. Then she said, "Yes, Linda, dear, you are right."

Then she said, "Remember our story about the Runaway Bunny? That little bunny always liked to run away and his Mommy said, 'I'll always come and find you! No matter where you are!' That bunny couldn't get far and neither can you, my sweet angel."

"I'll always come and find you, too, Mommy", I told her, "wherever you are."

My nurse, Mrs. Thomas, lived so close to the Harford Road that we went to visit her one sunny day when I felt pretty well, soon after my first visit to the hospital, when I had gone home. We waited for Mrs. Thomas to come out to the car, then a plump lady with a very pleasant smile walked by with a big bunch of flowers and some Christmas cards. She came up to Mommy and she said, "Have you seen me before?" Mommy said, "This is the first time we've been on this street."

The lady had a beautiful box of cards that Mommy bought and then she walked down the street and disappeared. Mommy said, "Wasn't that strange, for her to ask me that question? Funny things do happen! Like the time we needed money for gas in the car and we walked outside and you saw a dollar bill lying in the driveway, Lin!" Mommy looked at the cards and read the beautiful messages about the Lord to me and about our being His lambs and sheep and we felt very happy. One card was about Bethlehem, The City of the Lord.

The nurses were all very nice in the hospital and one came in to tell me her patient wanted to give me a present. I decided to write him a note. His name was Mr. Katz, but I spelled it wrong. 'Mr. Catts', and Mommy giggled at it. I didn't like her laughing at me like that because I'm a sensible person. I said, "Mommy, don't laugh at a sensible person!" I felt sorry for her, then, because she didn't like being laughed at herself when she was serious and she knew she was being unkind and laughing at a person and Mommy doesn't like being unkind.

We've had lots of jokes together, but when I was very sick, I didn't want to laugh. I always loved to laugh when I was well. We'd laugh the most at Little Lulu in the comic books and Moon Mullins and Kayo and the other comics.

When I went to camp the summer I lived at the Chadford Apartments, I laughed all the time, I was so happy. The name of the camp was Happy Hallow Camp, in Brooklandville, Maryland. The bus called for me every morning and I kissed Mommy good-bye. We went out the Falls Road and the Padonia Road to the camp. It was eight miles north of the Baltimore city line.

We had hikes and picnics and there were horses and a little path of stone steps down to the pool. I learned how to swim and one day Mommy and Daddy came to visit. I was very proud and happy and I kept waving to them from the pool. He had been away in Urbana all that summer, teaching.

I showed them the big barn where we did arts and crafts. I made a felt badge with "H" on it and, when I learned to do things, I could sew on a bead. I had four beads. The food was very, very good and I ate and ate and ate. When Mommy came with Grandmommy and Aunt Lorraine one day to see me, she had some chocolate milk out of a bottle and we sat on a little hill together and looked at the beautiful view all around. Then we went up to the log cabins to see where the girls stayed who lived at the camp. The last day there was a big party with all kinds of entertainment - real Indian dances with real Indian costumes. My, it was fun!

I used to like to come home and rest a while, then eat dinner with Mommy. The bus let me off in front of the Chadford and Mommy was always waiting for me, wanting to know what I did all day. She missed me while I was away and hugged and kissed me as soon as I got back. Then, after dinner, I listened to my favorite radio programs. I also had to practice the piano, because I took lessons.

When we heard Fannie Brice on the radio as Baby Snooks, I'd laugh and laugh and laugh. She was my favorite and so was her Daddy. He got in so much trouble on account of Baby Snooks and her little brother, Robespierre. There were only a few radio programs Mommy enjoyed and that was one of them. They didn't teach me anything good, so we started making up one of our own. We wrote some of it out together and talked about it lots of times.

Mommy started with some of the songs we knew and then she started telling the story. They were little songs by Robert Burns and she told about his life and the country he lived in - Scotland. In Urbana, in 1948, our friend Dr. Gordon Ray had given her this idea. He gave her and Daddy a little party with some friends on January 25, Robert Burns' birthday, and his friends sang Burns' songs.

Later, Betty, Mommy's friend, heard about the idea and thought it would be good for all children to hear. She arranged for Mommy to give the program as a sample to the ladies of the Rotary Club at the Stafford Hotel, in May, 1951. Later on my Mommy thought about St. Paul's Day on January 25th and remembered this musical evening of Gordon's. When I left Mommy in November, she didn't want to do anything but after a while, when she grew stronger, she was glad she had to get the program ready.

A new idea came to her: to have the parent talk it all over with the child, and make it a little play and have poetry and music and all kinds of sound effects to make it very interesting. There are lots of clock sounds and a Chinese Gong and a story about Time

and about poets and Shelley and the wind and Emerson and Christina Rossetti, and a wonderful big old music box from 1816. First she went to a store on the York Road and bought a recording machine. Then she took it everywhere to get sound effects. She even went almost to the top of City Hall of get the sound of the tremendous Lord Baltimore bell, a very beautiful rich, deep sound as it strikes the time in the tower of the building. Mr. Rose took her up there and he was a superintendent. He was very kind to Mommy. Mr. Pielert had a clock shop, clocks from all over the world, on the Frederick Road, and he let Mommy and Dorothy Morgan, who played the part of me, get all the sounds and read the lines at the same time.

Dr. Pickering, a dentist, in his spare time has a glee club, the Patapsco River Valley Squadron Glee Club, and he let Mommy get their singing of "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Sweet Adeline." "Music When Soft Voices Die" by Shelley the poet was in the program, too, and Mr. James Lewis who directs the Handel Choir, played the piano for her when she recorded it on the machine.

Mommy sang "LaVie En Rose" and "The Bluebird of Happiness", our favorite songs, with Dorothy on the tape program. When we saw "The Razor's Edge", a movie, we heard the music of LaVie En Rose and we never forgot it because of what happened in the movie. When we went to see "Song of the South", and we saw Uncle Remus, I wanted to find my laughing-place because he said everybody has one and my Bluebird of Happiness, when we saw it perched on Uncle Remus' shoulder while he sang Zip a Dee-DooDah. But most of all, I wanted to find Uncle Remus and to listen to his stories all the time. Whenever we saw a bluebird after that, I thought about Uncle Remus and laughing and happiness.

Mommy wanted to end each program with the best songs of all, "The Star Spangled Banner", to show how we love our country, and "The Lord's Prayer", to show how we love God, and that is the very best song. You see, that was when she wrote to Mr. John Charles Thomas and he gave her the scholarship to the music academy in Santa Barbara. It was the kindest deed he did for Mommy and she will never forget it.

It was lots of hard work. The machine weighed over forty pounds and Mommy's back is still weak from carrying and lifting the recording machine. She got the wind record in New York, when my uncle and Aunt Dorothy took her along on their trip. So that was easy!

Mommy says, "There isn't any child who can't be reached if one gives him spiritual food as well as regular food. Most children are starved for it, and, after this is fed them, they will learn. It's like conquering disease by first strengthening a very ill patient with a blood transfusion, then giving the cure or remedy. So many children can be saved through love and training in spiritual strength

and proper studies and guidance."

Mommy uses a "method". She shows them where their thinking starts and how this place makes us walk and talk and make pictures in our minds. Then, after they realize this, that inside of us in our brains, is a gift of God, a thinking box of cells and nerves, given to us so that we can try to be like Him and please Him, then the children can start making pictures and images in their minds, first by closing their eyes and really seeing the images. They really know, then, that they are able to think for themselves, and they know where their thoughts begin and that they have a wonderful tool in their little "noodle heads" to make orginal thoughts of their own. They "find themselves", Mommy says.

Then, when they realize they have great strength of their own, of which they are the masters, Mommy begins to train them in recognition and memory, with phonetics. It really works, too, for reading.

Showing children how to think for themselves and showing them how beautiful the world that God made can be, if we center our thoughts around Him -- that's the reason for all Mommy's experiments with the program.

She is trying it out still, before she finally decides how to use it best. She didn't get much time at the Music Academy to work on it, because they were more interested in her voice, there, in the way she sings.

But not long ago, she took the machine into two Baltimore schools to try it out on the children, and get the results.

The children gathered around and, as the tape played the recording, they listened and asked questions about the wind, and the gong, and the familiar poetry and sang the popular songs with Mommy, also the "Star Spangled Banner", and "The Lord's Prayer".

These were eleven-year old children. At the end, one boy who never answers in class got up and walked over to Mommy to shake her hand. "Mrs. Wasserman, I want to thank you for the whole class, for bringing something very beautiful to us here today."

Another one got up and said, "I'm going to ask my father, when I go home, to take down those books of Shelley's poetry that no one in our house ever reads, and read them with me."

So Mommy learned two things. A child wants to learn all about music and poetry, and he wants to learn it like Mommy taught it on the program, with the help of a parent. The children liked the closeness between the mother and child and they liked the familiar songs as well as the ones they heard for the first time, all woven together like the different colors in the tabernacle - strands of blue and red and purple, winding in and out and lots and lots of beautiful music and sounds and poetry and love.

Every time you help a child to see God, you do good, Mommy says. The little girl next door, Ann, just came to visit Mommy. She's a very, very good and sweet little girl. She thinks

a lot but mostly to herself, but she tells Mommy some of her thoughts.

She was the last little girl I ever talked to. When I came back from the hospital the first time, she came to see me. We sat on the front porch and she said, "It's so very, very nice to have Linda home again." She was only three years old.

Then, when I went to the hospital again and never came home except for the funeral, she wondered where I had gone and Mommy told her with the Angels. Ann said, "Can you see her?" Mommy said, "No, not yet."

She comes to see Mommy, to tell her about little Pear, the little Chinese boy and the robin who sings, and the butterfly sitting on the leaf of the tree.

For a few weeks this spring, Mommy saw a robin who didn't chirp, but sang a tune, two notes repeated all the time. So strange!

Ann rolled her big gray-green eyes and her pointed little chin raised up high as she looked at the highest limb of the huge oak tree. "There's a butterfly sitting in a leaf!" Mommy looked and looked and finally she saw the butterfly. It was the color of Ann's eyes, with yellow along the sides. A beautiful creature! But hard to see!

In the evening Ann brings her book, "Little Pear", about the Chinese boy. She says it's a "magic" book, for at night all kinds of colors appear in it to Ann - blue, green, "mostly red", yellow, and purple, and orange, too.

The colors are all part of the "magic" says Ann, for she alone can see them in the dark night, when they glow for her.

The mystery of the robin was cleared up when little Ann explained she teaches "I pledge allegiance to the flag" to any bird who will listen. This bird must have listened, because he sang the first two notes of the song Ann sings with all the school children.

It sounded like "Get up! Get Out!" to Mommy and it made her very restless because she was trying to finish the book quickly and she never rested any more. A friend who came to see her said, "I think I'd shoot that bird. Aren't you getting pretty tired by now of getting up and getting out?"

Mommy took a trip to New York, when it was the time of Pentecost, May 22, and she took along the pages she had written on the book. She went to see some people about the radio program, "Songs of the Centuries", that we worked out together but, while she was in New York, she had another funny coincidence happen!

She got off a bus and went to a drug store to have a soda at Schraft's. Before that, she had copied a list of twenty-five names from a book about editors and publishers for writers. She copied it very quickly from a list of a hundred or more, because

the place was closing and it was almost 5:30.

When she had the soda, she sat next to a young woman who wanted to be friendly and talked to Mommy. She asked Mommy what she was doing in New York and Mommy explained. She told the stranger about the "Songs of the Centuries" and the young woman was very interested. She said she was a teacher in the New York schools and thought the program was a wonderful idea. But she thought the title should be changed to "Songs Since the World Began". Mommy thought that was so clever of her, and she asked her name. It was Madeleine. So in the morning, when Mommy looked at the list, she saw someone named Madeleine. She decided to call her first because of the very pleasant Madeleine in the soda store.

She went to see her, and she helped her for a while with the story, telling her it should be mostly an Easter story.

Easter is my favorite time of the year, because it's fun and it's happy and there are Easter eggs and Easter bunnies and there is a song of God who loves us and sent His Son.

Mommy knows the song now, too, the way I always did. It made me happy too, to see the flowers on the altar and then the next Sunday, on April 12, to hear Mommy sing, the part that announces the angel in "The Redemption", when the woman saw the empty tomb where Jesus had lain.

"Behold, one that in face was like unto lightning, and was arrayed in dazzling apparel, stood at their side, as they thought thereupon. When the angel appeared, the women were frightened. Then, said the angel to them:

'Why seek ye the living among the dead? Are the words of the Lord now no longer remembered? But let your hearts be glad, and full of comfort. Ye are seeking the Lord, but He is risen again. Behold! the very place where His body was laid. His sacred limbs themselves have these grave clothes been swathing. But depart, and tell His disciples He goeth into Galilee, according as He said; there shall ye see Him again'."

In May of 1951, Mommy was baptized by the Reverend Mr. Cox in Emmanual, the Episcopal Church, the "Church of the Angels".

On Easter of 1952, she was confirmed in the same church by Bishop Noble C. Powell, and Easter of 1953, she was singing in this church. She thinks often about Mr. Cox's saying, "I believe this training in music in California is being given you as a compensation for losing Linda."

In 1953 Mommy sang there in the 9:30 communion service and had communion every Sunday, learning more and more through the Holy Spirit. The choir, a young people's choir, is called the St. Cecelia Choir and they wear deep red robes with white collars.

Every time she walked in there, she lived again the beauty and the mystery of the path we followed to find Christ, our Saviour. Mommy is learning like a little child, seeing things she never saw

before. She is "born again".

At 10:15, she walked one block over to the First Presbyterian Church, where Dr. John Gardner is the minister. This is a magnificent gothic church with a high steeple. It is one of the oldest churches in the city.

When we first returned to Baltimore to live, I had to have a tooth pulled out one Sunday. I was in pain. We went to the Medical Arts Building downtown, to a dentist who happened to be there that day. His name was Dr. Dabrowski, and he had a little boy and a little girl that he loved and he was kind, and a good dentist.

Afterwards, we waited for the #32 streetcar at a corner opposite a church. I looked up at the steeple, towering high and slender in the air, and said, "That almost reaches Heaven!" I stood there looking at it until the car came. The cornerstone had said the church was made in 1763. It was very old.

When the strange incident occurred that brought Mommy into that church to sing, she thought often of that Sunday with me.

One summer day in June 1952, she started out for an audition at a Presbyterian Church. She had spoken to the secretary who had spoken to the choirmaster, who was to hear her sing. His name was Richard Ross.

It was on Park Avenue and she drove down this pleasant old street in Baltimore, in a leisurely way. She stopped driving when she saw the church on the corner with the steeple. "Well, this must be it!" And she got out of the car!

As she walked up the steps, a man jumped out of a decorator's truck. He walked up with her. "Is this the Brown Memorial Church?", she asked, feeling sure it was. "Yes, I believe so", he said. "Is Mr. Ross the organist here?" He said, "I think so!"

He rang the bell and a pleasant lady opened the door. Mommy waited at the entrance while she spoke to the man standing there.

They talked about the color to be used in painting the entrance, then she said, "It's so very hot, won't you come into the study?" They all went in and the two conducted and completed the discussion of the decorating of the manse.

As he left alone, she ran after him. "Isn't she with you?", she asked. "No", he said, "she asked for the organist. She wants to see him."

He left and she returned. Mommy believed that she was the secretary who had arranged the appointment. She asked, "Is Mr. Ross here? He is at the Brown Memorial Church."

"But this is the church, isn't it? The man said so."

"No, this is the First Presbyterian Church. I am Mrs. Gardner, the minister's wife."

Well, they began to talk. They had left the same town in

Illinois that we had lived in for ten years, just as we went to live there. They had lost their beloved young son, in the war.

Mommy was told to get in touch with the choirmaster, Miss Margaret P. Ingle, who summered in Massachusetts, and who later gave Mommy a position singing in the choir.

The first Sunday that she sang, she was terrified, way up in the massive choir-loft, overwhelmed by the new and great spiritual experience. Just think, singing to God in one of His churches! And singing all of the great happiness and gratitude for His gifts to her!

Being at this church under the guidance she had there and learning the wonderful heritage of music of the best composers of religious music, has helped her in spiritual strength as has the weekly communion in the Episcopal Church.

The first sermon she heard there was called "Faith answers life". It was such a comfort to hear Dr. Gardner talk about Billy Hicks, who had to go to the ship's loft, the lookout tower of a ship at war, to send the signals. He was overwhelmed, too, with fear. Guns were going off all around him. When another neighbor ship saw signals coming, they were highly mystified. For Billy Hicks was signalling to God. "Please, God, this is Billy Hicks. I've never been up here before and I'm afraid. Make everything all right!"

She felt much better. She was up in that choir-loft, and she was sending my signals too. God gave her the confidence she needed, when she sang alone, without the choir.

This Easter Mommy will sing at the Maryland Presbyterian Church in Loch Raven. It was the Laird family's white house before. We were in it my last Christmas on earth together, in the living room. Easter is on April 6th, this year, in 1958. On Holy Thursday, 1957, Mommy stopped to look in a bakery window. There was an Easter cake, a hen made of cake with fluted icing, all yellow, with red cockles. It was like a drawing I made of a toy hen I had, that dropped eggs out of her side, little oval red eggs, and cackled when the crank was turned, and she laid the little egg.

As she stood there, several little girls of about ten or eleven years of age looked at the cake and exclaimed over it. They were dressed in long white filmy dresses, with dark coats thrown over, communion dresses. One little girl had long dark hair, and they all carried red roses.

Mommy thought about William Blake's "Holy Thursday", from his "Songs of Innocence", and how beautifully he describes children at Easter-time service.

"'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two in red and blue and green.
Gray headed beadles walk'd before with wands as white as snow,

'Til into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames
waters flow.
O What a multitude they seem'd, these flowers of
London Town,
Seated as companies they sit with radiance all their
own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes
of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls, raising their
innocent hands.
Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the
voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven
among,
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of
the poor,
Then cherish pity; lest you drive an angel from
your door."

Mommy started thinking about the moving picture of me Sandra's mother took, when I waved good-bye, at the last part of the movie, and there were all the red roses in back of me.

She remembered how I bought the clothes I wore and picked them carefully, just as I did for my dolls, Robespierre and Baby Snooks. I never spent too much because I wanted to have money to give to anyone who really needed it. I bought their socks and hats and a jacket for Robespierre in a store called Schnaufer's in Towson. I went in with Mrs. Thomas, my nurse, and she said, "You shopped wisely, Linda. You got such good quality with your money you saved."

I was very proud of my dolls in the new clothes I bought them. I liked to save my money and shop for them and for Mommy.

On the last Mother's Day, in 1950, when I went to buy a present, I made Mommy walk away from me in the store while I bought her present with my own saved money, with an extra sum for a beautiful package. Inside were three handkerchiefs with the letter "E" in different colors, one green, one pink, one blue. I just beamed because of her happiness when she saw the package!

You see, now I was really grown-up. And when I had to get shots and be a big girl when I got so very sick, I didn't want to help myself feel better by making my dolls get shots, too!

I did that when I played with Mary Dee, who lived there a few months, at the Chadford. We took a little wooden block and put a phonograph needle in it and we gave our dolls shots every time we bathed them and dressed them. We had Red Cross First Aid Bandages and cotton out of a little green bottle for the sore places of our babies. But I never did that to Baby Snooks or to Robespierre.

I guess I was very grown-up when I left, because by

Easter of 1950, I was thinking more and more about other things.

On my last Easter, Mommy and I sat in the car outside a church and prayed. We both wanted to go in, but we didn't know how.

We were looking at the Sunday paper, the magazine section of the Baltimore American. It was a story about Golgotha.

That was a barren hill outside the holly city of Jerusalem. The name means "resembling a skull". It was the Mount of Calvary.

We saw Jesus on the cross, with His mother weeping. We read how Jesus was guilty of saying He was the Messiah and was sent to Pilate to be judged, how His arrest and crucifixion was ordered by Pilate. We read how Jesus stumbled and fell with His crossbar and how Simon lifted His heavy cross upon his own shoulders. We thought about how His body must have gotten very, very sore with places rubbed raw and thought how very hard it must have been. Even the flowers must feel this.

William Engle wrote this story. It was very simply told. Because of this, we felt a cold terror. It was described so clearly we shuddered at the thought of so great a crime.

Even the fairest of all the flowers, the Orchid, must weep and wait to die because of His suffering in shame for the cruelty to our Lord, and in sorrow, He gave us all the beauty we have, all the flowers and the Sunshine.

Then we cried together when Mary suffered so as she watched her Son's agony and we cried even more because of His great compassion for her anguish.

I didn't quite understand then, why He died like that and Mommy didn't know either. We talked about it.

I said, "It's wrong for people to think they are better than others. It's wrong for them to think they know everything that's right or wrong. Only God knows those answers. We are all human beings and we should treat each other as though we are all equal, no matter what color we are or what religion we believe in!"

Mommy sat and thought for a while, then she said, slowly, "That's why Christ died, because we all have so many sins - pride, hatred, greediness, cruelty."

Then I asked Mommy to explain more about this. How did Christ die for us? But she didn't know much more - very little.

But all of a sudden we wanted to tell God how sorry we were for all He suffered and we both said something that I have never said before, and neither had Mommy, but she had tried to make God feel better that all His suffering was not in vain.

She said, "I take Thee, God, the Father, and I take Thy son, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost to be with me."

"Now, say it, Linda."

I already believed and loved God and the words puzzled me because I prayed always with my faith in my heart, not in anybody else's words, for I always knew God, and was His child. Mommy

didn't really know the Creed, but she tried to say the few words through tears, to let Him know.

When I was not able to talk or to move in November, a Catholic Priest came in to see me in the hospital. He came because Mommy met a woman whose husband was there and talked to her about me and the things we thought about God. The woman knew I was close to leaving.

He made a sign over me and said, "You want to get well, so you can go back to school. Right, Linda?"

I lay very still, unable to move. Then I heard him say, very low, "In the name of the Father, and the son, and the Holy Ghost", and he whispered some other words I didn't hear.

I was a little bit bewildered and a little frightened. I knew already, anyhow, that I would be leaving.

A few days before I left, a priest had said to Mommy, "Offer her suffering up for the good of the world, against the sin." She was standing near the elevator and he passed by her, on the fourth floor. She didn't know what he meant, then, because again it was "offer suffering for the sins of everybody". She thought and thought about this, and always will, for she feels better if she thinks we are releasing good through accepting terrible suffering and giving it all to God, like the Tabernacle sacrifices, and the Passover Lamb.

When we sat in the car that last Easter, our first, really, we read about the ninth hour. The ninth hour in Biblical Times was between 12:00 and 3:00 p.m. Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Eli, Eli, Lamma sabacthani? (My God, my God, why has Thou forsaken me?)" We didn't know how soon, in eight months, I would find my Father again.

The Easter of 1951, Mommy walked all the way downtown, on Good Friday. She happened to pass Christ Church. The Reverend Butts was the minister. She just turned her steps toward the church and walked in. She didn't even have a hat on her head, and she didn't even know she was supposed to. All she knew was she wanted to go in. It was her very first Good Friday service. She was remembering the vision, and sitting in the car the Easter before, in 1950, and praying at Emmanuel, when she first went there, to Mary as well as Jesus, asking her to pray with her as they thought of all the terrible suffering in the world, and of her Son and of me.

On Good Friday, 1953, April 3, Mommy sang with the choir in the Presbyterian Church. She was very sad, thinking about the terrible ordeal Jesus went through.

She thought about Him on the Crucifix and how He had prayed that He might not have to go through the terrible pain and how the angel came to Him in the garden at Gethsemane, near the Mount of Olives, the night before, to strengthen Him for His ordeal.

All the while Mommy sings in churches, she thinks about

the Angels circling around and she remembers how they looked. She can remember them almost as clearly as she did after she saw them, when she made the painting in the high school.

One of the students was so interested in the painting, she came up and asked Mommy to let her help tint the folds of the white clothing draped around the angels. Mommy let her help but she didn't tell her or anyone else in the class about the vision and sometimes she's sorry they didn't know..... But it was a high school class, and some of them might have been a little smart about it so she just used it as a project lesson and let them help.

When Mommy sang, "Lovely appear over the mountain the feet of them that preach good news of peace", she remembered the feet of the Angels and how beautiful the Angels were in their kindness to her. Mommy was doing just what she wanted to do!

That's what the girl in the art class at the high school said when she saw the other painting Mommy made while she was teaching there. The picture was of me in my ballet costume, holding red roses, and dancing. The girl walked up and clapped her hands and said, "She looks as though she's doing just what she wants to do!" She was so full of glee for the child in the painting.

Mommy always wanted me to be happy and do the things that little girls like to do - like looking at the birds, red birds especially, and playing and dancing and singing and having parties and lots of lovely books.

When I wanted to see my little friend Ford, we went all the way up to Block Island. When Ford and I saw each other we were a little bit shy at first because it was along time since we saw each other. But then we remembered all our fun and good times together and we ran all over the top of Mohican Bluffs. I'm glad we went, for I never saw him again. Mommy and I went to Martha's vineyard, too, and we took the big ark Granddaddy gave me with Noah and the dove and all the animals in it. We picked bayberry and we rode all around the island. It was beautiful. Granddaddy and Grandmommy both gave me lots of presents - a music box, and beautiful figures in china for my room. Granddaddy teased me a lot, but we loved each other.

He always brought me boxes of lollypops and presents when he bought his detective stories magazines that he liked so much. Granddaddy was always joking and he liked to make fun dancing the Highland Jig. He'd hop and twirl his foot around and roll his eyes and whirl his fingers in the air and call out, "Hooray!" He liked to tell all kinds of jokes and make pople laugh.

He liked little children a lot and he understood Mommy's great love for me. She couldn't stand to see me or any other child unhappy around her.

So she always gave me parties and let me play with my friends and she wanted me to have pets. The pet I liked best was

Squeaker. She was my dog and I named her after a little pig in "Little Pig's Picnic". She grew up from a puppy into a very big dog. When Mommy and I went to Baltimore for a visit, while Daddy was in the navy, Squeaker was ran over and Mommy was afraid to tell me. So Cammy told me and it hurt me worse than if Mommy had told me. I told her that. I said, "But Mommy, why didn't you tell me?" She said then she would never again hide anything from me.

We both loved Squeaker and Mommy was very unhappy. When we were getting ready to leave for Baltimore, Mommy said, "Squeaker, go over and sit near Linda." Squeaker put her paws on Mommy's knees, looked in her eyes, and came over to sit near me swinging on my swing and nodded back to Mommy. She was like a person, and loved us very much. I wrote a story about all my pets.

I loved Squeaker so very much. When she was a very little puppy, my Daddy carried her home to me. She was the baby of a neighbor's Springer Spantel, and a collie dog. The Marcus Goldman family on Michigan Avenue in Urbana gave us Squeaker.

There was a big sheepdog named Flash a few doors away. Flash and Squeaker were very close friends. She ran on trips with Flash all the time while she was growing up, and Flash's master taught Squeaker to run with him and Flash while he rode his bicycle. Flash was much older and slow. Squeaker was happy running. But I wish she hadn't gotten run over. We had a wonderful doghouse made for her but she wouldn't stay in it. Mr. Spencer, the carpenter, made it out of plywood Mommy had, with a green shingle roof and we put straw and a blanket in it.

She was so kind to all the children. Everyone loved Squeaker. When my little yellow chicken, that peeped and peeped all the time, grew up and became a beautiful young white rooster, Donna Lee Strong's bulldog killed it. Mommy spanked Squeaker by mistake. She was sorry when she realized Squeaker didn't do it. She should have known, because Squeaker was gentle.

Mr. Morrill, who is a veterinarian, and is Denny's father, and lived across the street, said the chicken would be a rooster with cockles and comb, but we had hoped it would be a hen, and lay eggs.

Then I thought he might be a beautiful rooster with shiny greenish purple feathers in his tail and bronze and red and bright and shiny colors all over him, but he wouldn't have had all these things. We couldn't eat it, anyhow, of course, when he was killed.

So we had a big funeral. All the children came. We marched in a funeral procession and buried him, and marked his grave. Squeaker went, too.

Squeaker used to come in the house and sit primly on the fireplace hearth, straight up, watching us, on her best behavior.

She was usually muddy, for she loved the outdoors. She was very careful with Mommy's things. She used to walk the two blocks to the bus with us, and wait with us 'til we got on. She was a wonderful, wonderful friend. There could never be another dog as good as Squeaker was. We were lucky to have had her.

Mommy and I were sad for a long, long time because of our misfortune.

But I was sad over lots of things because I didn't understand enough about how God does things, and how everything on earth has a meaning. These are called symbols.

Symbols are objects to express our belief with things we see in the things that are unseen. They began a long, long time ago, because people always knew there were great powers they couldn't see.

The wind was one of them, for the ancient Hebrew people knew about the four winds. The East and the West and the North and the South winds made all the movements of air and weather.

Mommy used to talk about my being born in the March wind, that came in like a lion and went out like a lamb. That's a symbol!

When I left, it was in the November wind, for not long after that day, the winds blew and blew in a terrible storm. Mommy saw the tall tips of the oak trees swaying and bending 'way over in the wind. She watched the way I did all the while I was sick, and she felt very sad.

But now, she has learned the way I have, all about the wind being the Holy Spirit coming to teach us, as He taught the Apostles of Jesus.

She thinks now in symbols, too. It all began with the vision of the angels and all the things that happened.

More and more she found out all about the wonderful truth of Easter.

Easter means that Jesus, the Son of God, came out of His grave like the chicken bursts out of the shell of an egg. That is the symbol of Easter. It means that, in the beginning, God planned it this way, because God decides everything. Easter is a beginning of a closer nearness to God.

He knows the beginning in the end and the ending in the beginning.

Easter comes at different times every year because the crucifixion of Jesus, the Son of God, took place at the time of the Jewish Passover.

The Passover dates are set by the moon and the lunar calendar. Easter comes between March 21, the first day of spring and April 25, when the time of the full moon comes, so Easter has a solar calendar, set by the sun, our own calendar, and it has a lunar moon calendar, both.

The Jewish day begins in the evening at sunset and ends

at sunset, twenty-four hours later.

The Jewish year has twelve months and thirteen in the leap year. The month has twenty-nine or thirty days. The new moon starts the new month.

Passover is in the month of Nisan, beginning on the 15th day. It lasts for a week and a day, eight days. Nisan is between March 22 and April 22. The Latin and Greek word for Easter is Pascha. This is a form of the Hebrew word for Passover, Pesach, the Feast of the Passover, when the lambs were sacrificed in remembrance of Moses' taking the Hebrew people out of Egypt, out of slavery around 4,000 years ago. The name comes from the angel's "passing over" the doors of the Jewish people and not slaying their first-born, only the Egyptians' first-born. The Hebrew people were delivered out of bondage then just as at Eastertime all people are freed from slavery to sin, through Jesus' sacrifice. I went to Sunday School at the Jewish Temples in Urbana and in Baltimore. I knew that I was learning more about God and that in the Jewish religion we learn to love God more than we love anybody, but I knew that I didn't learn the ending.

Mommy went to the Eutaw Place Temple Sunday School when she was a little girl in Baltimore. I did too.

The beginning is in the Temple. The ending is in the church. We must know both. We shouldn't know one and stop and not learn the other and that is true of people in temples and synagogues and people in churches, both.

Mommy has learned all about the Holy Land, the Promised Land, and about the church in the beginning, the Tabernacle in the wilderness. She never thought about these things before, but now she can see them very clearly. She's lucky to have a wonderful new world of hope and knowledge and faith. She reads the Bible and history, believing in it with all her heart and soul and loving God.

She knows that in the beginning God knew the end. In the Christian churches, they need to know the beginning better, and in the Jewish churches, they need to know the end as well as the beginning. Then they will all see how God started the whole plan 'way back in the days when Abraham first loved Him. The Bible tells us of all the promises God made to Abraham and how He has kept them. We must all read the Bible, for God spoke to the prophets because He wanted us to have the Bible.

The Temple has a round dome like buildings in the Holy Land. The dome on the State Capitol at Annapolis reminded me of these domes. They look like the circle of heaven inside when you look up at the ceiling 'way high above. The Rabbi says it encircles us the way the heavens encircle the earth, so we must think of God.

The beautiful lights on the altar are the seven lights God ordered for the tabernacle, to remind us to make the most of every one of our seven days and remember that God made the earth in

seven days.

The lighted candle that my cousins lit at Chanukah are to remind us of the rededication of the temple after the Maccabees won a battle. There is a story that a small jug of fine oil lasted eight days for light in the Temple, although it was enough for only one day. This is on the 25th of Kislev, around Christmas time.

Everything that God ordered in the Tabernacle is continued in the Temple and the Churches, either in a symbolic way or the same as it was when the Hebrew people carried the tent, the Tabernacle, and the Ark of the Covenant, with them through the Wilderness.

The prayers God told to Moses, the incense, the bells, and the pomegranates on Aaron's robes, all continue today in one form or another. We still smell, hear, and see the signs or symbols of God's first Church in the Wilderness.

When three angels came to Abraham in his tent, he spoke to them as God. Abraham knew in the beginning about God the Father, Jesus the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

When Mommy and I prayed together our one greatest prayer we said, "Sh'ma, Y'israel, adonoy elohenu adonoy echod." That means, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord, our God, the Lord is one." We said God three times.

This prayer is as old as the Hebrew people. It is the prayer that God commanded, from the beginning.

God used symbols in lots of ways to teach us. A symbol is a sign. The Lamb of God is a symbol of Easter.

The Passover Lamb is a symbol of the sacrifice of God's Son to give us a release from the idea that in death we die. He proved to us that we do not die. Like the butterfly, we have to become brilliant and beautiful in our souls by staying inside a case, the body, for a while.

The word death should really be changed, for it has the wrong meaning now.

In the Talmud it says a person who has been ill may take a new name to forget the illness in a new way of thinking, become a new person.

Since Jesus came, the words "life" and "death" have a new meaning. We know now death is a word that tells only the end, not the beginning.

We would have kept on not knowing about God's great secret, that He prepared us for in the very beginning, if Jesus hadn't come to teach us. God has different ways of keeping us close to Him, once we want to be near Him very much. Suffering is one big way. That's why we have to suffer, so we'll turn to Him. God is the only help we have, when we can't find any help on earth. If we turn to Him, He helps us.

Wouldn't it be terrible if He didn't, if He didn't want us, and didn't believe us, whenever we came back to Him? If he rejected us?

Suppose He treated us the way we treated Him? He wanted us to believe in His beloved Son, in whom He was well pleased. We must always believe in His wisdom. We must do what He has planned for us in the beginning to fulfill His designs for us. Then He is happy and we are happy.

Hallowe'en means hallowed Eve "or all Hallows Eve". It is the eve of All Saints Day, November 1. October 31, my last Hallowe'en, I was coming very near to my Father again. Now I really know the meaning of Hallowe'en. The reason why we play tricks and do mischievous pranks then is that Hallowe'en is related to an old, old festival, much older than the Druids, who celebrated in honor of the sungod. The Romans held a feast about the first of November, in honor of Pomona, Goddess of fruit trees. The Druids had the festival of Saman.

When the people became Christians, the early church fathers let them keep the old feast of Samhain, who was the wicked Lord of Death, but kept it in honor of all the saints. The eve of the festival of fun and celebrations came to be called Hallowe'en.

The name comes from the old English word 'halwe' or holy.

The Feast of All Saints comes on November 1. The eve is on October 31. Bonfires were lighted in ancient Hallowe'en celebrations.

So two dates were combined into the calendar. That's how many old festivals were kept whose dates became remembrance dates.

Mommy's learned more about all the symbols and saints and their emblems, also, and miracles, too, since one day she found a drawing I made of "Princess Sabra", and turned over the page to see "St. George and the Orange Tree".

She began to use her thoughts not only about symbols, but her imagination and her foresight, too. Looking ahead!

She wondered if the orange tree was a remembrance of the orange groves that I saw in California. She went on to learn about the saints and their miracles, their lives.

Mommy has been following the instructions to go back and look up the history of the Church, because she never stops trying to learn it all. Being with children a lot helps her to see how God wants us to think. We have to think in symbols, too. Everything around us is a symbol. The things we see all mean something much more real than our eyes tell us.

God is everywhere. He is in the trees, in the oak trees, symbols of power and strength and eternity. He is in the birds, symbols of the soul. He is in the squirrels, scratching away for the fruits and acorns. They are symbols of forethought, knowing ahead the things for God. They are symbols of spiritual striving, always being busy to go higher to God. They are symbols, when they sit and watch and wait, of meditation of God's Divine Word,

and all His things of earth, part of Him.

All the while we pray, we are remembering the days before Jesus died, and the day that He arose from the grave. That is really Easter.

One short period of a week and a day is Holy Week and Easter. The Sunday before Easter is called Palm Sunday, when Jesus rode back into Jerusalem after he had finished teaching in the smaller cities and village of Palestine. He came back in triumph, but riding on the lowly donkey.

Palms were waved before Him and Hosannas were shouted. Hosanna means "Save, I pray!" On this day we are told "Thy King Cometh unto Thee."

There are Holy Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday. Then there is Holy Thursday, Maundy Thursday, the Lord's Last Supper. This was not the main Passover meal but the evening after the First Day of Unleavened Bread, for the Passover meal was eaten at sunset on the next day, Friday. The Paschal Lamb was slain at 3:00 p.m. on Friday afternoon. Christ died at 3:00 p.m., the same time, so that the crucifixion took place on the Day of Preparation, or Parasceve, when the lamb was slain but not eaten until after sunset. This is the Second Great Passover freeing all the human race, through the offering of God's own sacrifice, His Beloved Son.

On Friday, Jesus was crucified. At the moment He died there was darkness, there were earthquakes, graves opened, and the great veil covering the entrance to the Holy of Holies of the Temple was split in two from top to bottom.

God's Holy Spirit, the Shechinah, the Radiance of God, left the Temple, out from the Holy of Holies of the Tabernacle, from between the Golden Cherubim guarding the Ark of the Covenant, at the very moment of the Paschal sacrifice, the sacrifice of the Lamb for Passover, and the moment when Jesus died, the same moment, three o'clock.

Then on Saturday, it is the Holy Sabbath, or Easter Eve. During this day, Jesus rested in the tomb, until the Sabbath was over. The Jewish Day of Rest is Saturday. The Jewish Sanhedrin set guards by the sealed stone door to the tomb so that Jesus' disciples would not steal His body.

On Easter Day, Sunday, the first day of the Jewish week, the women came to anoint His body. They found the guards asleep, the tomb opened, and the body gone. The linen bandages it had been wrapped in were on the floor near where He had lain. Then they saw two angels in a brilliant light. "Christ is Arisen!", they said.

Now I know all about Easter. So does Mommy. She and I want everybody else to know how we're put here to learn to be children of God, and how God sent Jesus, His Son, to teach us.

By Easter day, April 6th, 1958, the story will be ready, and we can tell everybody about it. First, how the Bible tells us,

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

Second, how Jesus is God's sacrifice for sin. All that the Temple sacrifices symbolized has been fulfilled by the Lord in His sacrificial death.

John, the one who was baptizing the Jews in the Jordan River, said about Jesus, "Behold the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sin of the world."

The Temple is gone. God still requires sacrifice for sin. In the death and in the resurrection of Jesus, we have this sacrifice, forever, not for just each day, to be sacrificed over and over, like the sacrifices in the Temple. Sin leaves a heavy heart until its punishment has been met in the sacrificial death of another. We all sin; we must all have a sacrifice to offer God.

The most important part of Easter is our thoughts about this and joy and happiness that God gave us our Sacrifice for Sin, Jesus. Everything symbolizes this. We are given new life, and flowers at Easter mean life coming from death.

In the Holy Land there are many reminders of the time of Jesus, but we must study all the things that were there when He lived if we can understand how things began.

"Linda didn't know Bethlehem. How did that idea suddenly come to her?" That's what Mommy was thinking. This was the springtime of the year 1950, before I became ill, when it was almost Easter. We were driving along in the northern part of the city along Loch Raven Boulevard. It was a sunshinny, fairly warm, but a little-bit breezy day. At the top of a high hill, we saw a beautiful church, The Immanuel Lutheran Church, half-completed, and many apartment dwellings nestled in the flat ground below, some distance away, with a large area of empty grass between the homes and the church. Suddenly, I said, "Why, it's like looking down on Bethlehem!" After I left her, Mommy wrote a poem:

The stars twinkle on, the rains still fall,
The leaves flutter round, like a weary dream,
The sun still shines, the birds still call,
The moon glows with its yellowed beam
A little girl has left us all.

She loved the stars,
She loved the rain,
She loved the leaves,
The sun, the birds, the moon.

Loyal, fair and kind was she,
And, oh, so wise - for one so small.
Once and a thousand times again

We talked of everything - of God - and she
said to me,
In her dear reflecting way,
When she saw a town nestled
In the valley of hills on a lovely day,
"That's like looking down on Bethlehem!"

Since the vision and the revelations around the church of the angels, other revelations have come about in an equally mysterious way, to Mommy. The study of the symbolism, the rituals, the significances of our great Hebrew-Christian religion, have brought about certain conclusions in her mind.

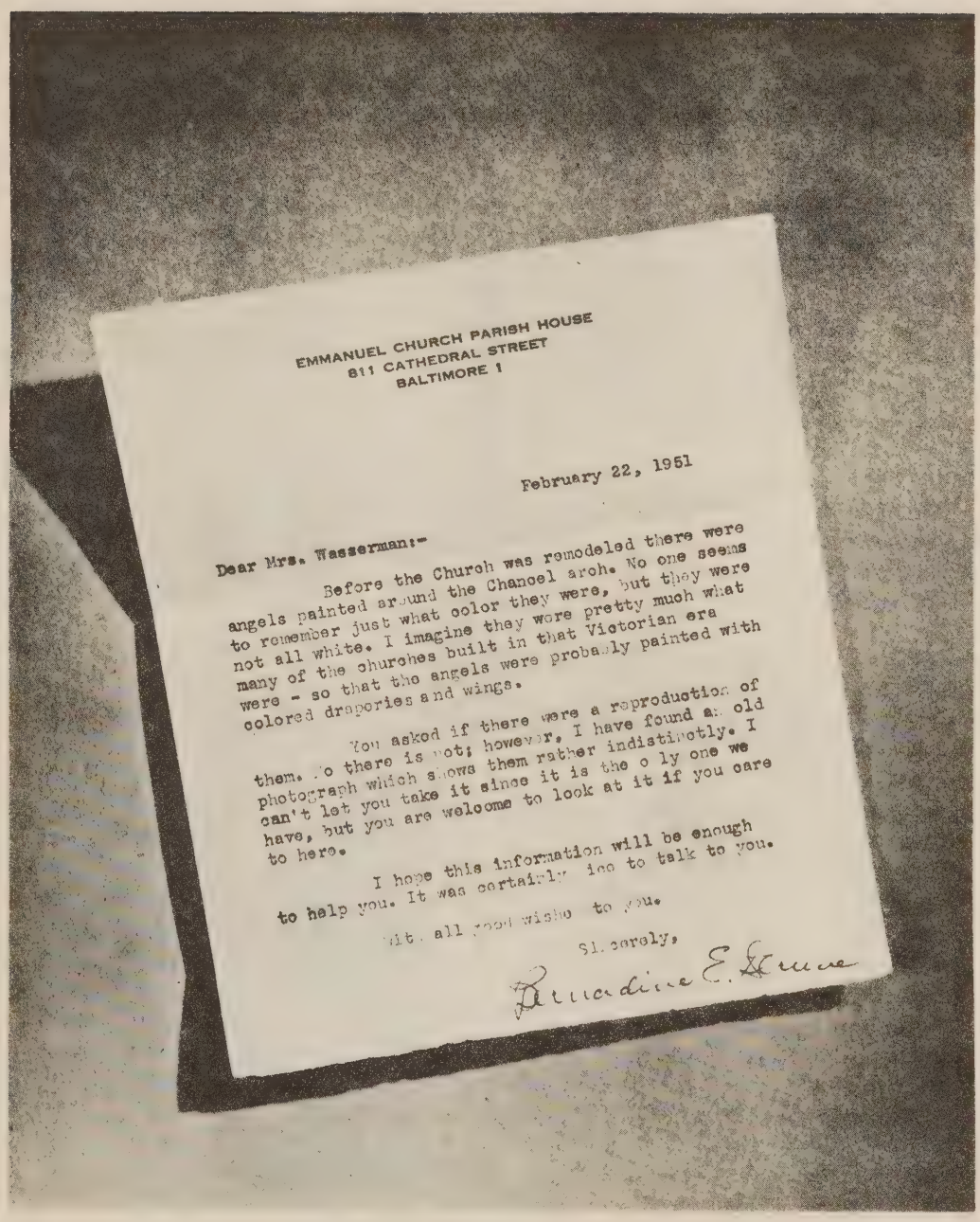
From an automobile accident the summer of 1952, a seed, a dream of me in swaddling clothes, a Baptist evangelist, the Catholic Bishop from India, the books a Presbyterian minister has given her to read, through all the Christian churches, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopal, Methodist, Christian Scientist, Catholic, and the others, Mommy has found help. Some of this she tells in the two next books after this one.

Most of all, through the daily and weekly growing knowledge of the pattern of our life since our father Abraham first walked the earth, divinely led to lead his descendants to worship our One God and blessed, the vista of an unfolding promise lies ahead of my Mommy, and I share it all with her, and help her to learn.

"VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU, HEREAFTER YE SHALL SEE HEAVEN OPEN, AND THE ANGELS OF GOD ASCENDING AND DESCENDING UPON THE SON OF MAN."

(John 1: 51)

THE END



EMMANUEL CHURCH PARISH HOUSE
811 CATHEDRAL STREET
BALTIMORE 1

February 22, 1951

Dear Mrs. Wasserman:-

Before the Church was remodeled there were angels painted around the Chancel arch. No one seems to remember just what color they were, but they were not all white. I imagine they were pretty much what many of the churches built in that Victorian era were - so that the angels were probably painted with colored draperies and wings.

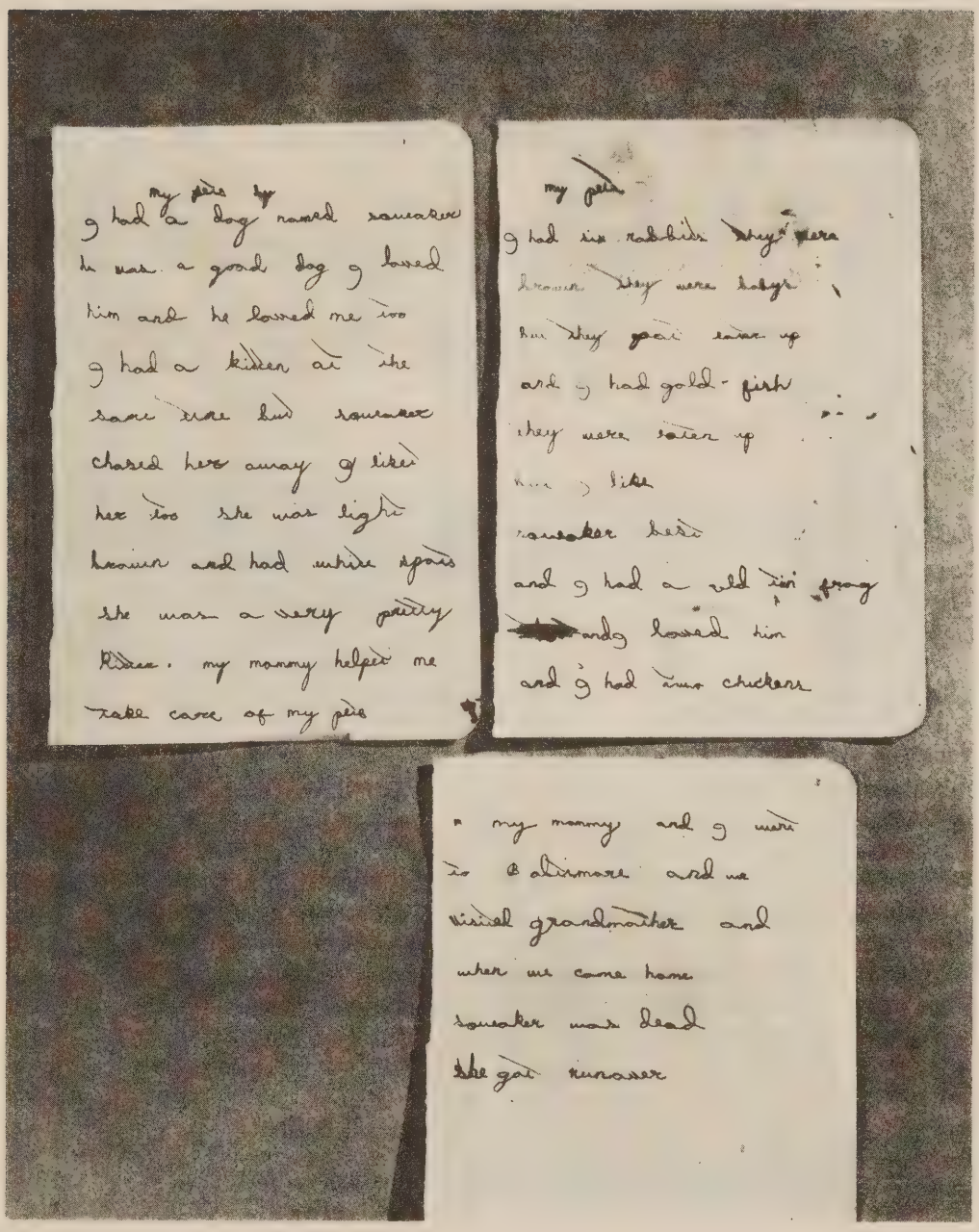
You asked if there were a reproduction of them. So there is not; however, I have found an old photograph which shows them rather indistinctly. I can't let you take it since it is the only one we have, but you are welcome to look at it if you care to here.

I hope this information will be enough to help you. It was certainly nice to talk to you.

With all good wishes to you.

Sincerely,

Geraldine E. Bruce



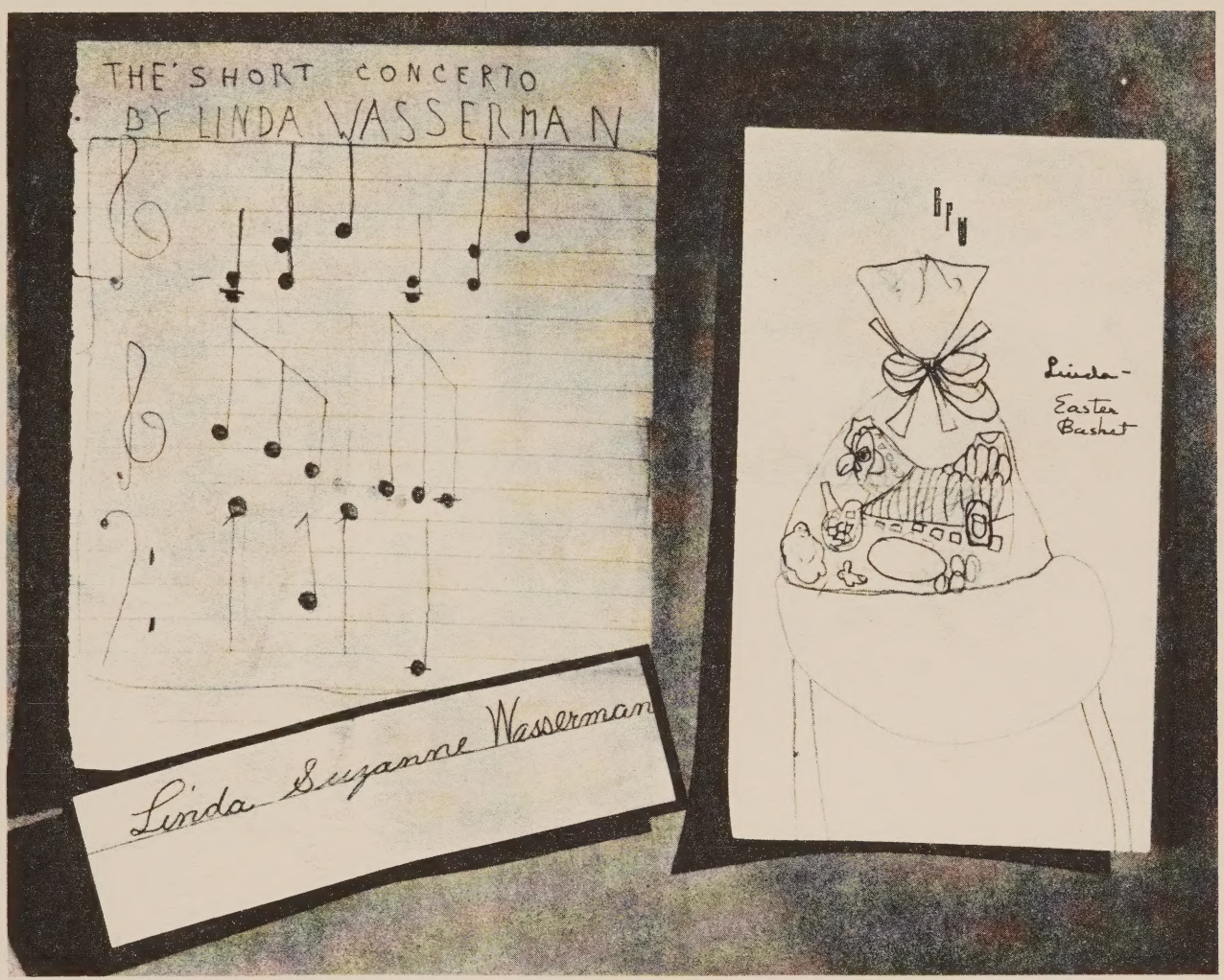
my pets by

I had a dog named squeaker
he was a good dog I loved
him and he loved me too
I had a kitten at the
same time but squeaker
chased her away I liked
her too she was light
brown and had white spots
she was a very pretty
kitten. my mommy helped me
take care of my pets

my pets

I had six rabbits they were
brown they were babys
but they got eaten up
and I had gold-fish
they were eaten up
too I like
squeaker best
and I had a old fat frog
and I loved him
and I had two chickens

my mommy and I went
to Baltimore and we
visited grandmother and
when we come home
squeaker was dead
she got runaway


THE SHORT CONCERTO
BY LINDA WASSERMAN
Linda Suzanne Wasserman
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Linda-
Easter
Basket

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Linda
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